OCTOBER 2003

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Wildlife of Gabon
A Photographic Feast

Obituaries to Die For

STANLEY'S SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE

REM: A Wake-Up Call for Sleep Studies

TONY BLAIR GOES TO WAR

Is Dubai a Middle East Model?

OUTSIDER ART'S INSIDER FESTIVAL

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Who Sculpted the *Venus de Milo*?

☐ Lobster with vendor.

☐ Steak with the guys.

☐ Meatloaf with the kids.

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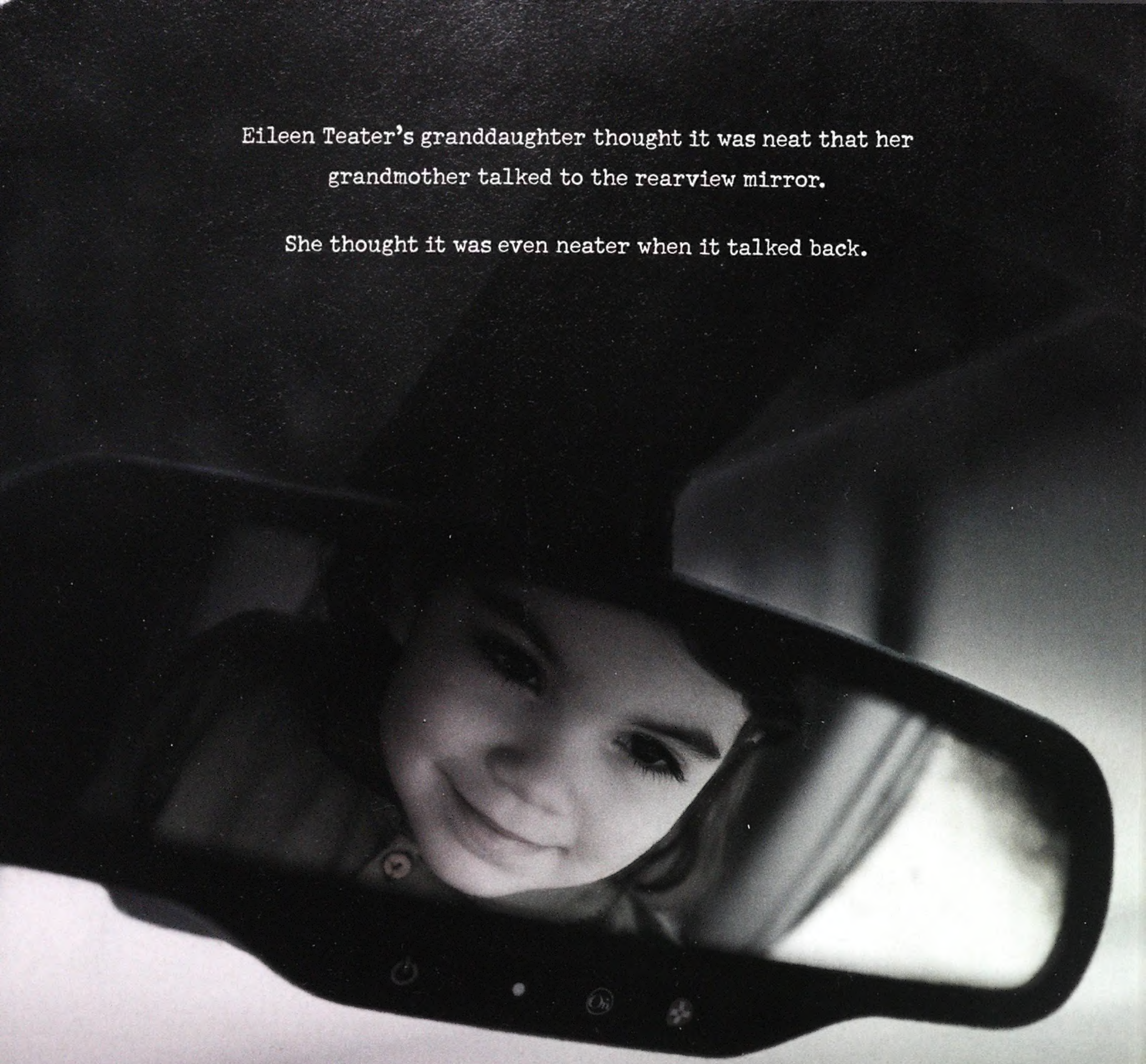

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Smithsonian

OCTOBER 2003 VOLUME 34, NUMBER 7

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"IN THE PAST, most newspapers believed obituaries should be short, dutiful and dull. The obits desk was the Siberia to which failing hacks got banished in their dotage."

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92 As a boy, Armond Aserinsky helped his father fill a yawning gap in sleep research.

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For 30 days, the British prime minister allowed journalist Peter Stothard to be a fly on the wall as he led a reluctant nation into battle against Saddam Hussein

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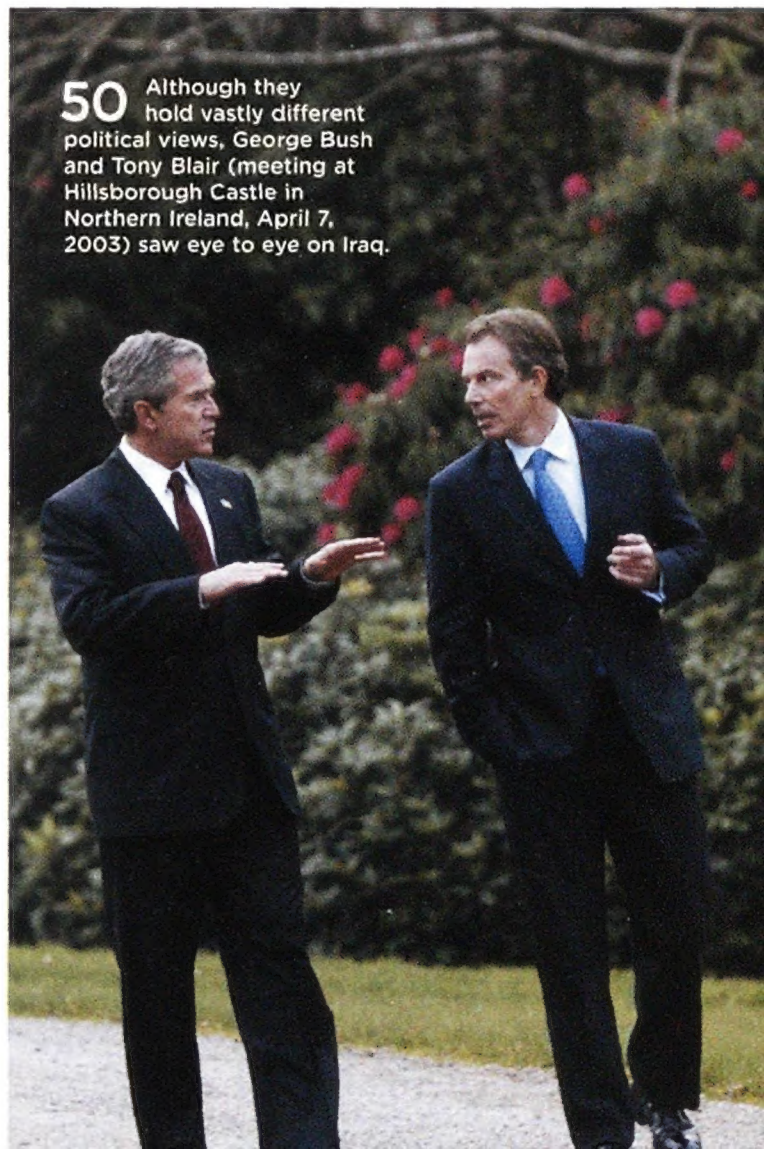
Fifty years ago, physiology student Eugene Aserinsky discovered rapid eye movement, forever changing the way we think about the unconscious brain

BY CHIP BROWN / PORTRAITS BY BRIAN SMALE

ON THE COVER Scientists have discovered 73 species of frogs (including this gray-eyed fellow, *Opistothylax immaculatus*) in Gabon's Gamba Complex. *PHOTOGRAPH BY CARLTON WARD JR.*

40 Prized racing camels get the full spa treatment at a racetrack in Dubai.



50 Although they hold vastly different political views, George Bush and Tony Blair (meeting at Hillsborough Castle in Northern Ireland, April 7, 2003) saw eye to eye on Iraq.

BROWN BROTHERS, BRIAN NOYES, BRIAN SMALE, ATTAT MAHER / CORBIS SYGMA, CORBIS

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OCTOBER 2003 VOLUME 34, NUMBER 7

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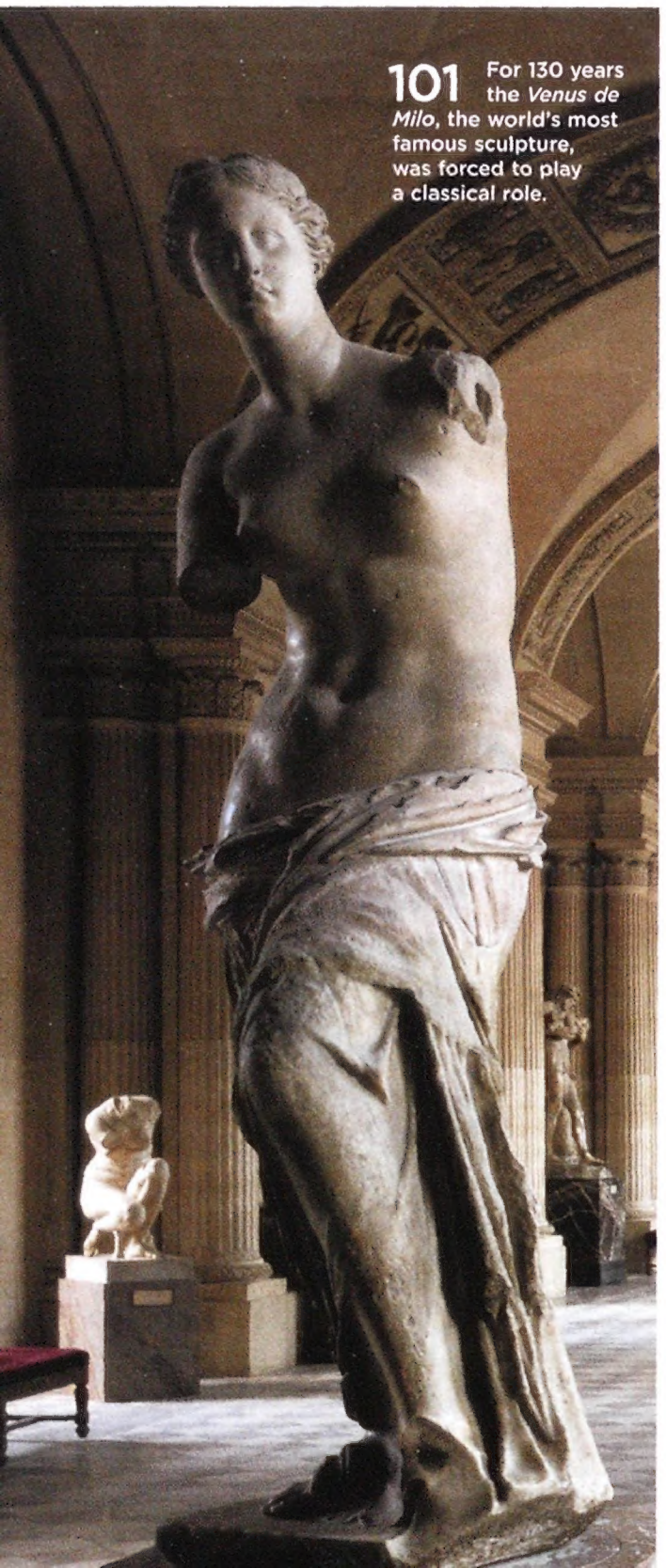
19 Sydney's dazzling Opera House, which turns 30 this month, took 14 years to build.

24 Lewis and Clark's compass may be their expedition's only surviving instrument.

37 Computer matchmaking has done wonders for the social lives of black-footed ferrets.



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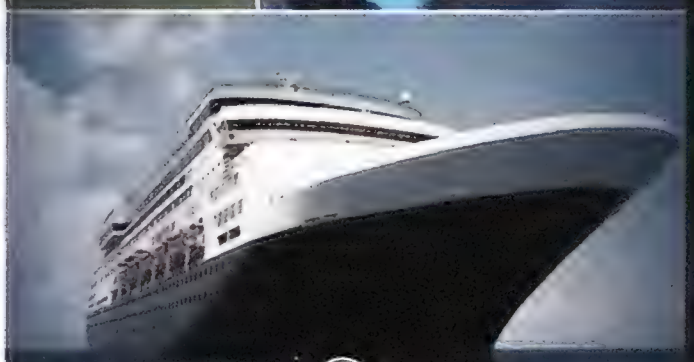

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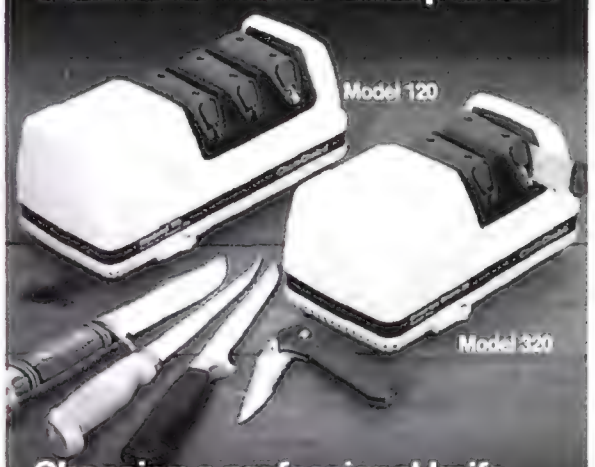

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BY CAREY WINFREY

Ward: Strange sensations.

TO CREATE HIS STRIKING PORTRAITS of animals in a remote rain forest in the West African nation of Gabon ("Portraits in the Wild," p. 60), photographer Carlton Ward Jr. had to handle a lot of slippery frogs, biting insects, poised-for-flight birds, jumping mice, leapin' lizards, and snakes harmless or otherwise. For the poisonous ones, Ward enlisted the help of the scientists who caught the animals. "Through a team effort," he says, "we were able to make detailed photographs of even the most dangerous snakes."

One day as Ward was photographing a small brown snake, it bit him on the finger. "I held up my hand, snake still dangling, to show one of the herpetologists standing nearby," he says. "He gave me a bewildered look and told me that no one really knew the effects of a bite from that snake—but it was in the same family as the deadly mamba. He asked me if I felt any strange sensations." Another herpetologist came over, also with a worried look. "There I was in the middle of the Gabonese rain forest with two of the world's foremost experts on African snakes telling me with straight faces that I should be concerned." It wasn't until his heart started pounding like crazy and he began feeling dizzy that the scientists admitted they'd been joking after all—the snake was truly harmless. "Not funny," Ward deadpans.

ONE OF THE MANY THINGS about Dubai, which is on the Persian Gulf, that captivated veteran sailor Ken Ringle was the daggerlike hull design of the small watercraft he encountered there. They "seem to have translated into fiberglass the piratical panache embodied in the 18th-century xebecs of the Barbary Coast," says Ringle, who reported and wrote our story on the emirate ("Dazzling Dubai," p. 40).

Ringle (right): Million-dollar idea.

Speeding out to Dubai's otherworldly Palm real estate project in an air-conditioned powerboat, Ringle complimented Palm chairman, and the boat's owner, Sultan Bin Sulayem on the smoothness of the ride. Bin Sulayem leaned forward in his white robe and opened one of the seats to reveal the secret. Beneath it he had discreetly mounted automobile shock absorbers. "Here was a million-dollar idea, simple and obvious, which I had never seen in all my years on the water," says Ringle. "It was typical of the ingenuity I saw everywhere in Dubai. Their solution to crew motivation in their highly competitive dhow races is even simpler: wealthy Arab boat owners have been known to give each victorious crewman a new Mercedes." ○

Smithsonian PHOTO CONTEST

The deadline for our first photo contest is December 31, 2003. For rules, visit www.smithsonianmag.com and click on "Photo Contest," or see the Editor's Note in the September 2003 issue.

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A new multimedia exhibition shows how innovations in transportation spurred the growth of the nation

THE LARGEST exhibition ever to be installed in the National Museum of American History will open on November 22, and its ringing invitation will be hard to resist: All aboard! "America on the Move" is a spectacular multimedia presentation of how Americans took to rail and road and water over the past two centuries, and of how their restless motion drove the economic, social and cultural life of the nation. The exhibition will fill almost 26,000 square feet of the museum's first floor and display some 300 objects from our remarkable transportation collections. But the objects will be displayed as they have never been shown before, in period settings that scrupulously re-create their historical context.

The first big story in the show is set in 1876. By that centennial year, the calamitous war was long over and the first transcontinental railroad had been built, with others soon to follow. The nation had the energy and will to test its limits, and the technology was ready to oblige. Visitors to the exhibition will be greeted by a steam locomotive, the *Jupiter*, gliding for the first time into the California town of Santa Cruz in 1876, all spanking new and beautiful, with exterior trim of gold filigree and brass and a cab of fitted walnut. We want audiences to see in this opening setting, as in all the other settings in the exhibition, not just a splendid object but living history: the *Jupiter* brought the future to Santa Cruz. (There's a second locomotive in the exhibition, a 92-foot-long behemoth that was in service to the Southern Railway in North Carolina in the 1920s, and visitors will be forgiven if their first question about it is not historical but logistical: "How did they ever get that in here?" Answer: very slowly, using specially designed equipment.)

In its early days, the automobile must have seemed unlikely competition for the horse. The exhibition features the first car ever to travel across the country, a red Winton, but it's shown at a low point of that 1903 trip, stuck in a muddy rut somewhere in Wyoming. A dog named Bud was along for the ride, and he's in the exhibition too, as are the goggles that kept the flying dust from his canine eyes. The Winton left the rut and finished the trip, and that should have been a sign: in the course of the new century the automobile would finish off one version of America and make an entirely new one. As evidence of the transformation, the exhibition includes a 1950 Buick Super sedan, shown in a new-car dealership in Portland, Oregon (see p. 39), its great front bumper of gleaming chrome teeth fixed in a smile about upward economic mobility at midcentury. There's also a 1955 Ford Country Squire station wagon, the perfect emblem of suburban ascendancy, sitting in the driveway of a new home in Park Forest, Illinois. Cars brought highways to America, and we've brought a bit of highway to the National Museum of American History: a section of the fabled Route 66 that once ran for 2,448 miles from Illinois to California. Be warned, though: to get your kicks, you'll need a longer stretch of 66 than the 40 feet we'll be laying down.

In 1903 the Winton became the first car to cross the country.

After travels in France with a donkey, a form of transportation absent from the new show, Scottish author Robert Louis Stevenson wrote this: "For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move." (Stevenson made it to California by ship and train in 1879.) For Americans, the great affair of movement has been fundamental to the growth and prosperity of the country. But even as the new show tells an epic story about the United States, we hope that visitors who immerse themselves in its sights and sounds may find a personal story too. After all, a two-wheel bike or a first car marks a rite of passage; a train's departure can lift, or break, the heart; and a highway stretching to the horizon points to a world of possibility—elsewhere. All aboard indeed.

Lawrence M. Small
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, HUGH TALMAN ▸

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LETTERS

Readers respond to the August issue:

FANNING THE FLAMES

U.S. FOREST SERVICE Ranger Kate Klein ("Fire Fight") blames environmentalists for not being able to implement timely fuel-treatment projects. Her frustration is justified. But the Forest Service lost credibility when it insisted through most of the past century that all fire was bad and its main projects after World War II were large-tree timber sales designed for maximizing timber output. Trust once lost is not quickly regained.

THOMAS BECK
SONORA, CALIFORNIA

TOO BAD environmentalists at the Center for Biological Diversity are too blind to see the forest for the trees. The group's Brian Segee condemns the Forest Service plan to reduce fuels as a disguised attempt to continue timber sales. But how else can one reduce forest fuels without cutting some trees?

BARBARA M. WOLCOTT
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA

THINNING OUR FORESTS is not so simple. The tree fairy doesn't come into our favorite forest and magically spirit away just the sturdy, marketable trees. Roads have to be built to carry monstrous equipment to the heart of all of the areas that are going to be thinned. The trees are felled, dragged, trucked and shipped out of the forest. What remains is the ghost of a forest, albeit one with wonderful roads.

SAMUEL CROTHERS
RADNOR, PENNSYLVANIA

THE FLASH POINT of the fire suppression debate is the urban-wildlands interface. Encroachment prevents use of fire to manage forest health. The solution is land-use controls, a practice lacking in most rural areas of the West. Zoning originated to separate factories from residential neighborhoods. It is time to recognize that land near public forest is no place for houses. Only zoning will take the urban interface out of the wilderness.

STEPHEN L. CASTNER
CEDARBURG, WISCONSIN

NECESSARY RECONCILIATION

WHY DO CHIMP MALES not fight to a conclusion and kill or expel the losers, leaving the alpha with a harem? It would seem better than "an endless round of challenges, fights, coalition-building and brokering of favors," as author Richard Conniff says in "Rethinking Primate Aggression." The reason is that, in the wild, each community is in a life-and-death struggle with its neighbors. Jane Goodall observed one chimpanzee group, in repeated raids over three years, kill every member of the next group. In the several observed "wars," the community with the most adult males has always won. If an alpha male ousted his in-group rivals, he would be slaughtered by neighboring communities. The chimp solution is a tense alternation of aggression and reconciliation. We may consider reconciliation "moral," but it's also necessary for survival.

ROBERT WYMAN
YALE UNIVERSITY
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

WORTHY WORDSMITHERY

WALTER ISAACSON suggests that when Benjamin Franklin reviewed a draft of the Declaration of Independence and changed "We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable" to "We hold these truths to be self-evident," he was making the document more secular and disavowing any linkage to religious underpinnings ("Benjamin Franklin Joins the Revolution"). Yet he apparently retained other religious references, such as "Nature's God" and "endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights." Wasn't Franklin just being a good wordsmith rather than making a weighty declaration regarding scientific determinism?

KURT A. FISCHER
PLANO, TEXAS

PULP ART GETS GLOSSY

I WAS SURPRISED and delighted to see the cover of your August issue ("Guys and Molls"). Pulp art is finally receiving overdue attention and respect. Even 50 years after it first appeared, de Soto's cover painting grabs the reader. The top pulp artists knew their craft, and though they often painted hurriedly for little pay, they created a vibrant body of work that has retained its impact.

DOUGLAS ELLIS
BARRINGTON HILLS, ILLINOIS

WHEN I SHOWED my husband the cover of the August issue with a busty blonde handling a gun, he laughed and said, "No wonder it came in a plain brown wrapper!"

DORIS WELCH REID
AMARILLO, TEXAS

Send letters to LettersEd@simag.si.edu or to **Letters, Smithsonian, MRC 951, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013.** Please include a telephone number and address. Letters may be edited. Because of the high volume of mail we receive, we cannot guarantee a response to all letters. Send queries about the Smithsonian Institution to info@si.edu or to VIARC, Public Inquiry Mail Service, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013.

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VIAGRA is indicated for the treatment of erectile dysfunction. Remember that no medicine is for everyone. If you use nitrate drugs, often used to control chest pain (also known as angina), don't take VIAGRA. This combination could cause your blood pressure to drop to an unsafe or life-threatening level.

Discuss your general health status with your doctor to ensure that you are healthy enough to engage in sexual activity. If you experience chest pain, nausea, or any other discomforts during sex or an erection that lasts longer than 4 hours, seek immediate medical help. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. Less commonly, bluish vision, blurred vision, or sensitivity to light may briefly occur.

Please see patient summary of information for VIAGRA (25-*mg*, 50-*mg*, 100-*mg*) *tablets on the following page.*

Join the millions.

PATIENT SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT

VIAGRA
(sildenafil citrate) tablets

This summary contains important information about VIAGRA®. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. Read this

Millions of men have used VIAGRA to help them with erectile dysfunction. Many doctors. However, VIAGRA is not for everyone. It is intended for use only by men who have a condition called erectile dysfunction. **VIAGRA must never be used by men who are taking medicines that contain nitrates of any kind, at any time. This includes nitroglycerin. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe or life threatening level.**

What Is VIAGRA?

VIAGRA is a [illegible] tile dysfunction (impotence) in men. It can help many [illegible] dysfunction get and keep an erection after [illegible] l (stimulated).

You will not get an erection [illegible] taking this medicine. VIAGRA helps a man with erectile dysfunction get an erection only when he is sexually stimulated.

How Sex Affects the Body

When a man is sexually excited, the penis rapidly fills with more blood than usual. The penis then expands and hardens. This is called an erection. After the man is done having sex, this extra blood flows out of the penis back into the body. The erection goes away. If an erection lasts for a long time (more than 6 hours), it can permanently damage your penis. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have a prolonged erection that lasts more than 4 hours.

Some conditions and medicines interfere with this natural erection process. The penis cannot fill with enough blood. The man cannot have an erection. This is called erectile dysfunction if it becomes a frequent problem.

During sex, your heart works harder. Therefore sexual activity may not be advisable for people who have heart problems. Before you start any treatment for erectile dysfunction, ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex. If you have chest pains, [illegible] during sex, stop having sex and immediately tell your doctor that you have had this problem.

How VIAGRA Works

VIAGRA enables many men with erectile dysfunction to respond to sexual stimulation. When a man is sexually excited, VIAGRA helps the penis fill with enough blood to cause an erection. After sex is over, the erection goes away.

VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone

As mentioned above (*How Sex Affects the Body*), ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough for sexual activity.

If you take any medicines that contain nitrates–either regularly or as needed–you should never take VIAGRA. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine or recreational drug containing nitrates, your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. You could get dizzy, faint, or even have a heart attack or stroke. Nitrates are found in many prescription medicines that are used to treat angina (chest pain due to heart disease) such as:

- nitroglycerin (sprays, ointments, skin patches or pastes, and tablets that are swallowed or dissolved in the mouth)
- isosorbide mononitrate and isosorbide dinitrate (tablets that are swallowed, chewed, or dissolved in the mouth)

Nitrates are also found in [illegible]. If you are not sure if any medicine you are taking contains nitrates, or if you do not understand what nitrates are, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

VIAGRA is only for patients with erectile dysfunction. VIAGRA is not for newborns, children or women. Do not let anyone else take your VIAGRA. VIAGRA must be used only under a doctor's supervision.

What VIAGRA Does Not Do

- VIAGRA does not cure erectile dysfunction. It is a treatment for erectile dysfunction.
- VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from getting sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV–the virus that causes AIDS.
- VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

What To Tell Your Doctor Before You Begin VIAGRA

Only your doctor can decide if VIAGRA is right for you. VIAGRA can cause mild, temporary lowering of your blood pressure. You will need to have a thorough medical exam to diagnose your erectile dysfunction and to find out if you can safely take VIAGRA alone or with your other medicines. Your doctor should determine if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex.

Be sure to tell your doctor if you:

- have ever had any heart problems (e.g., angina, chest pain, heart failure, irregular heart beats, heart attack or narrowing of the aortic valve)
- have ever had a stroke
- have low or high blood pressure
- have a rare inherited eye disease called retinitis pigmentosa
- have ever had any kidney problems
- [illegible]
- [illegible] including sickle cell anemia
- are allergic to sildenafil or any of the other ingredients of VIAGRA
- have a deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or ever had an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- have stomach ulcers or any types of bleeding problems
- are taking any other medicines

VIAGRA and Other Medicines

Some medicines can change the way VIAGRA works. Tell your doctor about **any medicines** you are taking. Do not start or stop taking any medicines before checking with your doctor or pharmacist. This includes prescription and nonprescription medicines or remedies.

- Remember, VIAGRA should never be used with medicines that contain nitrates (see *VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone*).
- If you are taking alpha-blocker therapy for the treatment of high blood pressure or prostate problems, you should not take a dose of greater than 25 mg of VIAGRA at the same time (within 4 hours) as you take your dose of alpha-blocker.
- If you are taking a protease inhibitor, your dose may be adjusted (please see *Finding the Right Dose for You*).
- VIAGRA should not be used with any other medical treatments that cause erections. These treatments include pills, medicines that are injected or inserted into the penis, implants or vacuum pumps.

Finding the Right Dose for You

VIAGRA comes in different doses (25 mg, 50 mg and 100 mg). If you do not get the results you expect, talk with your doctor. You and your doctor can determine the dose that works best for you.

- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes.
- If you think you need a larger dose of VIAGRA, check with your doctor.
- VIAGRA should not be taken more than once a day.

If you are older than age 65, or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg) of VIAGRA. If you are taking protease inhibitors, such as for the treatment of HIV, your doctor may recommend a 25 mg dose and may limit you to a maximum single dose of 25 mg of VIAGRA in a 48 hour period. If you are taking alpha-blocker therapy, you should not take a dose of greater than 25 mg of VIAGRA at the same time (within 4 hours) as your dose of alpha-blocker.

How To Take VIAGRA

Take VIAGRA about one hour before you plan to have sex. Beginning in about 30 minutes and for up to 4 hours, VIAGRA can help you get an erection if you are sexually excited. If you take VIAGRA after a high-fat meal (such as a cheeseburger and french fries), the medicine may take a little longer to start working. VIAGRA can help you get an erection when you are sexually excited. You will not get an erection just by taking the pill.

Possible Side Effects

Like all medicines, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These side effects are usually mild to moderate and usually don't last longer than a few hours. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur with higher doses. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, flushing of the face and upset stomach. Less common side effects that may occur are temporary changes in color vision (such as trouble telling the difference between blue and green objects or having a blue tinge), sensitivity to light, or blurred vision.

In rare instances, men have reported an erection that lasts many hours. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If not treated right away, permanent damage to your penis could occur (see *How Sex Affects the Body*).

Heart attack, stroke, irregular heart beats, and death have been reported rarely in men taking VIAGRA. Most, but not all, of these men had heart problems before taking this medicine. It is not possible to determine whether these events were directly related to VIAGRA.

[illegible] besides those listed in this leaflet, tell your doctor.

Accidental Overdose

In case of accidental overdose, call your doctor right away.

Storing VIAGRA

Keep VIAGRA out of the reach of children. Keep VIAGRA in its original container. Store at 25°C (77°F); excursions permitted to 15-30°C (59-86°F) [see USP Controlled Room Temperature].

For More Information on VIAGRA

VIAGRA is a prescription medicine used to treat erectile dysfunction. Only your doctor can decide if it is right for you. This sheet is only a summary. If you have any questions or want more information about VIAGRA, talk with your doctor or pharmacist, visit www.viagra.com, or call 1-888-4VIAGRA.

23-5515-00-6 Rev. 6 Sept. 2002

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THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

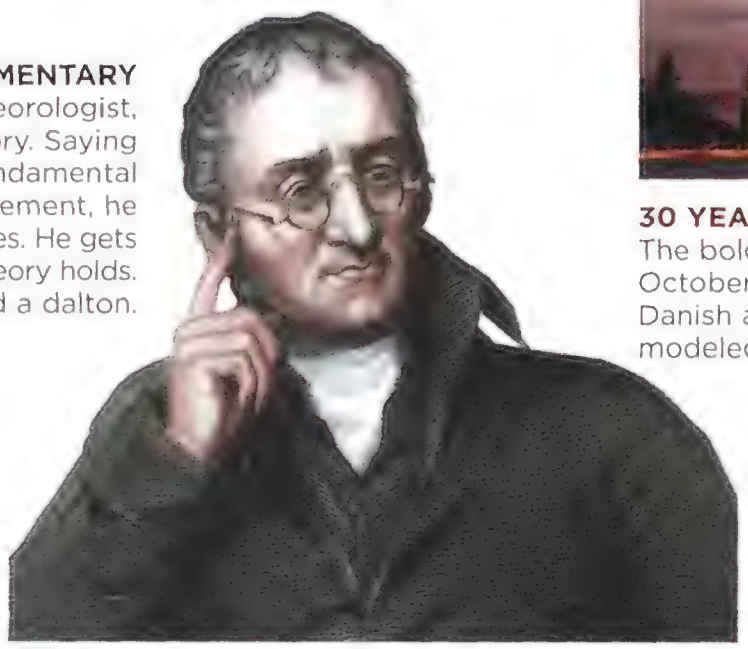
OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES—MOM… OF MEMORABLE

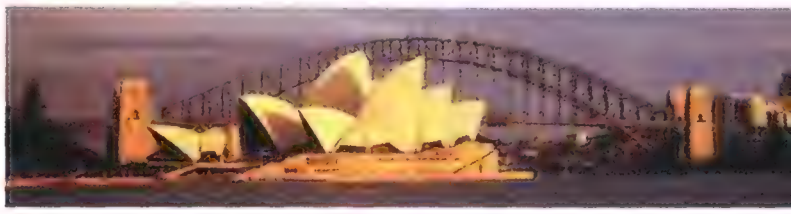
75 YEARS AGO: BALLYHOOED BLIMP
On October 15, 1928, the *Graf Zeppelin* lands in Lakehurst, New Jersey, after a 111-hour trip from Germany—the first transatlantic crossing by an airship carrying paying passengers. The hydrogen-filled ship will fly more than a million miles before being grounded in 1937 after the crash of the *Hindenburg*.

30 YEARS AGO: GET IN LINE
Causing long lines and high prices at the pump, a six-month oil embargo by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries begins in October 1973. Arab OPEC nations, angered by U.S. support of Israel, stop oil shipments to the United States. At the time, 30 percent of U.S. oil consumed is imported; by 2000, the figure will rise above 50 percent.

150 YEARS AGO: TO DO AND DIE
The Crimean War begins near the Danube River as Ottoman Turks declare war on Russian occupiers, who assert the right to protect Orthodox Christians. Britain, France and Sardinia will join the Turks. After some half-million deaths in all, Russia is defeated in March 1856.

200 YEARS AGO: IT'S ELEMENTARY
John Dalton, 37, an English meteorologist, presents the first modern atomic theory. Saying that each element is composed of fundamental particles of a weight unique to that element, he assigns relative weights to 21 substances. He gets some particulars wrong, but his basic theory holds. Today, an atomic mass unit is called a dalton.





30 YEARS AGO: AUSSIE SHOWCASE
The boldly innovative Sydney Opera House opens October 20, 1973. "I have made a sculpture," Danish architect Jorn Utzon says of his design, modeled on sails—and segments of an orange.

75 YEARS AGO: BREATHE
The first electric respirator is tested on an 8-year-old polio patient at Boston's Children's Hospital. "Iron lungs" vary air pressure to expand and contract the chest, and save thousands before polio vaccines and smaller respirators make the devices rare.

100 YEARS AGO: THE OLD BALL GAME
The sun shines in Boston on October 1, 1903, as the National League's Pittsburgh Pirates face off against the American League's Boston Pilgrims in game one of the first World Series between the two major leagues. Fans crowding the outfield watch favored Pittsburgh win the day, but Boston takes the series, five games to three. O

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18. Maryland Vacations. Beaches, mountains, big cities, small towns. So many things to do. Welcome. www.MDwelcome.org

19. Matterhorn Travel. American history journeys with experienced historians. Early America, Civil War, How The West Was Won, World War II. www.matterhorntravel.com

20. Missouri Tourism. FREE Missouri Travel Kit! Vacation in Missouri–Where the Rivers Run. Info at VisitMO.com

21. Monograms Vacations. Independent travel. Personal experiences. For more information, visit www.monogramsvacations.com

22. New Brunswick, Canada. World-renowned natural wonder... It's waiting for you in New Brunswick, Canada! Experience it today... www.TourismNewBrunswick.ca/naturally

23. North Carolina. Enjoy natural beauty and outdoor adventure. Go to www.visitnc.com for a free travel guide.

24. Oregon Tourism Commission. *Travel Oregon* Magazine offers readers first-hand accounts of great vacation opportunities around the state.

25. Orient Lines. The Destination Cruise Specialists℠ offer award-winning CruiseTours℠ visiting all seven continents. Visit us at www.orientlines.com

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27. Rentals in Europe. Villa, home and apartment rentals in France, Italy, U.K., Spain and Portugal. www.europeanhomerentals.com

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31. Smithsonian Journeys. Love to travel? Love to learn? Take the Smithsonian on your next trip. www.SmithsonianJourneys.org

32. Uniworld. No. 1 for river cruises in Europe & Russia and for travel to China. www.uniworld.com

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Eminent Victorians

Julia Margaret Cameron's evocative photographs of Lord Tennyson and other 19th-century British notables pioneered the art of portraiture ~ BY VICTORIA OLSEN

WHEN ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON first saw the photograph that his friend Julia Margaret Cameron took of him in May 1865, he joked that he looked like a "dirty monk." After the portrait was exhibited, a critic wrote that any court in the land would consider it sufficient evidence to convict Tennyson, England's most celebrated poet, of vagrancy.

Cameron, the daughter of English civil servants and a descendant of French expatriates in India, was 49 years old at the time and living near Tennyson in the village of Freshwater on the Isle of Wight. A mother of six, she had taken up photography only the year before, after her daughter and son-in-law gave her a camera and said, "It may amuse you, Mother, to try to photograph during your solitude at Freshwater."

The gift sparked a passion, and within months Cameron had mastered the difficult wet collodion technique of developing photographs. She began exhibiting and selling her bold,

"This is not dirt," Cameron said of her stained hands, "but *art*!"

Cameron (below, in 1874) staged many painterly Bible scenes. In 1872's "Angel of the Nativity," a great-niece wore swan's wings.

evocative work almost immediately. Photography itself was barely three decades old, and Cameron would be recognized as a pioneer of portrait photography and one of the first women in the field. An exhibition of her photographs is scheduled to open October 21 at the Getty Center in Los Angeles.

Cameron's first subjects were family members, servants and neighbors. She created large, slightly blurred pictures that had a striking intimacy, especially compared with the small, formal portraits of the time. She posed members of her household in roles from literature or the Bible. Her maids played angels and Madonnas. But she is best known for her portraits of leading literary and scientific figures, including Thomas Carlyle, Sir John Herschel, Anthony Trollope and Charles Darwin.

Cameron seemed to relish the power that photography gave her over her subjects. She demanded that they sit for hours while she posed them and then exposed the large glass-plate negatives she used. Carlyle described his sitting as an "inferno." Tennyson was one of her most frequent models. "Although I bully you," she once told him, "I have a corner of worship for you in my heart." Her "Dirty Monk" portrait, she reportedly boasted, was a "column of immortal grandeur—done by my will against his will."

There is an appropriate gravitas to Cameron's portrait of the craggy-faced Tennyson, author of the elegiac "In Memoriam A. H. H." and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and England's poet laureate at the time it was taken. Yet he also appears disheveled and downright ordinary, and thus Cameron captures something paradoxical about him, that he is both mortal and immortal, sublime and maybe ridiculous. Cameron left her mark in another way. She printed a blob of emulsion that had dripped onto the glass negative. To her, flaws were a sign of originality, and more. When someone said the photographic chemicals that stained Cameron's hands made her resemble a beggar, she replied: "This is not dirt, but *art*!"

Cameron found herself at the center of the debate over the new medium. Some critics, emphasizing photography's scientific roots, complained about her "smudges" and insisted that images should be clear and sharply focused. But she argued that photography was an art form and defended her approach, blurriness included. "What is focus and who has the right to say what focus is the legitimate focus?" she demanded of her critics.

Despite their status, Cameron and her legal scholar husband, Charles Hay Cameron, had little money. In the 1870s, with debts piling up, she attempted to trade on Tennyson's phenomenally successful "Idylls of the King," which chronicled the fall of Camelot, and set out to publish two volumes of photographs inspired by the epic poem. She hired models and made hundreds of studies. She used the "Dirty Monk" as a frontispiece, and Tennyson's signature appeared in the book. All to no avail. She sold so few copies she didn't even cover her costs.

In 1875, Cameron and her husband moved to Sri Lanka, where three of their five sons were managing coffee plantations. She would take photographs in Sri Lanka, but never publish or exhibit them; her brief professional career was essentially over. She died there in 1879 at age 63. (Tennyson would die 13 years later at age 83.)

Cameron's life and work has long intrigued scholars and artists. In 1923, Virginia Woolf, a great-niece of Cameron's, wrote a comic play, *Freshwater*, about the cult of art and beauty that surrounded Cameron and Tennyson. In the play, staged in 1935 as an amateur theatrical for Woolf's Bloomsbury friends and relatives, Cameron departs England for Sri Lanka with a valediction: "Take my lens. I bequeath it to my descendants. See that it is always slightly out of focus." ○

VICTORIA OLSEN is the author of the just-published book From Life: Julia Margaret Cameron & Victorian Photography.

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[*Lewis and Clark's compass*]

Useful Gadget

The legendary explorers carried destiny on their expedition. But they could not have fulfilled it without this unprepossessing device – BY OWEN EDWARDS

A FEW YEARS AGO, I spent ten days following the trail of T. E. Lawrence through the Jordanian desert, replicating the audacious English officer's famously implausible dash to Akaba. My steed for the trip was a brand-new Land Rover, as sure-footed as a camel but far more comfortable . . . and air conditioned.

Beyond V-8 power, four-wheel drive and interior cooling, another handy technology made my trip infinitely easier than Lawrence's. A GPS receiver stood reassuringly on the dash, connecting the car to a satellite that tracked me through the desert's trackless wastes. At any moment I could see exactly where I was on the face of the planet. I could even know, within a few feet, how far above sea level I was, or—on my way down toward the Dead Sea—how far below.

From time to time during long hours of driving across the sand, my companions and I would see Bedouins on camels

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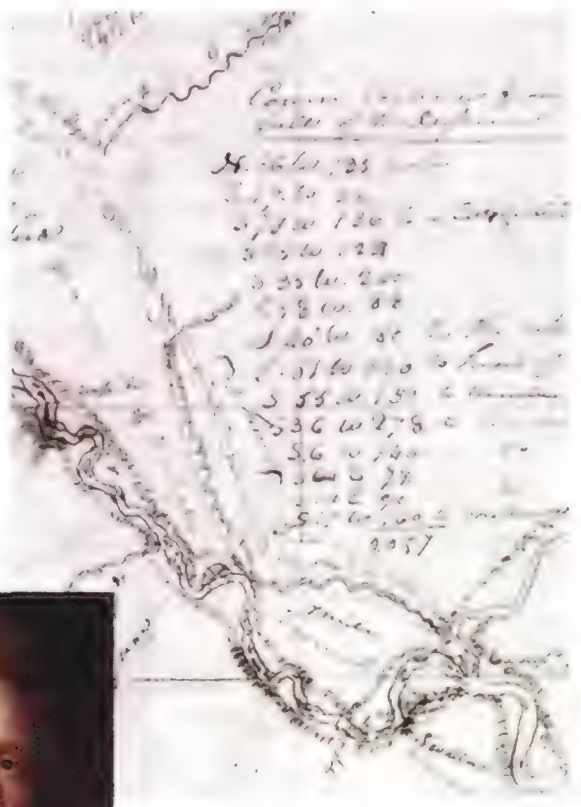
The compass has a symbolic importance transcending its utility.

intersecting our route. Somehow they, too, knew exactly where they were and how to get there, in part, no doubt, because they and their fathers and their fathers' fathers had been passing the same way at least since Petra was undeveloped real estate.

The one thing we comfortable Land Roverites shared with those hardy Bedouins was the thing we both lacked: a compass. In our case, we had a newer, alternative technology; as for the Bedouins, they simply didn't need one. Yet it is safe to say that few inventions (leaving aside the wheel, gunpowder and other fateful technological leaps) have had such influence in creating the modern world than the compass has. And it's hard to imagine an object more numinous with the history of America's expansive frontier future—and thus with the formation of the nation's spirit—than the one carried by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. The Corps of Discovery set off on May 14, 1804, embarking on their magnificent expedition to chart a vast continent still mysterious to most who lived on it. Much has been made of the contributions of Sacagawea and Native American tribes encountered along the way, and justly so. But this humble compass—protected by a four-inch-square wooden box with brass fittings and a silver band—played an unsung but incalculable role in turning the eyes both of Washington politicians and the American people toward the distant Pacific.

As they made their historic trek north and west from Camp Dubois, near St. Louis, to the rugged coast of what is now Oregon, the explorers did not always know what it was they were seeing. A brilliantly researched, lavishly illustrated book by Carolyn Gilman, *Lewis and Clark: Across the Divide* (Smithsonian Books), mentions Captain Lewis taking a compass reading (N.65°W.) on a mountain he mistakenly thought was part of the Rockies. But because the expedition had the compass, and three other pocket compasses bought for the trip, its members were able to create accurate, if rudimentary, maps. And whatever other worries and challenges each day might bring, the adventurers could at least be sure where they were headed.



For William Clark (top) and Meriwether Lewis, the compass proved essential in producing the maps that would chart a continent.

Long after his epic journey was over, Clark gave the compass to Capt. Robert A. McCabe, a veteran of the War of 1812 who was commandant of Fort Crawford in Wisconsin in 1825, when Clark went there to negotiate the Treaty of Prairie du Chien with the Indians. The compass remained in the McCabe family until 1933, when it was given to the Smithsonian. It is now part of the permanent display of objects associated with Thomas Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History (NMAH); in December 2003, it will be loaned to the Missouri Historical Society for a traveling exhibition marking the expedition's bicentennial.

"Of all the scientific equipment bought in Philadelphia for the journey west," says NMAH curator Harry Rubenstein, "the Clark compass may be the only surviving object. When the expedition returned, the interest was in things brought back from the Western tribes, and in the journals." But Rubenstein points out that because the compass has taken on a symbolic importance far beyond its actual usefulness, "it is one of the treasures of our collection."

By the time Lewis was making his readings, the compass already had an ancient lineage. It was not so much an invented technology as a natural phenomenon discovered and applied. In China, around 200 B.C., it was observed that lodestones (iron-oxide compounds that align in a north-south direction) could be used as a directional aid. Not until the fourth century A.D. were magnetized needles used in place of lodestones, and another 600 years would pass before a compass was used to navigate a ship. When the compass finally reached Europe, probably by the Silk Road during the 12th century, it freed ships from their reliance on the stars (not always visible) and captains' inclinations to restrict their journeys by staying within sight of coastlines. The modern age of exploration was born, and when Lewis bought the compass in Philadelphia in 1803, he was not only equipping himself with an instrument no explorer would leave home without, but with a simple, elegant tool that drew such fearless souls as Magellan, Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci to the farthest corners of the earth. In a sense, when we look at this unprepossessing, practical little device, we are seeing the American destiny.

OWEN EDWARDS is a freelance writer who is based in Sonoma, California.

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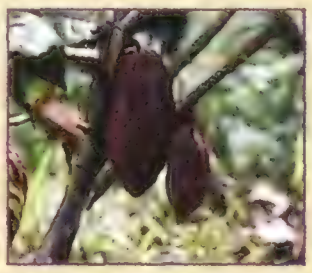

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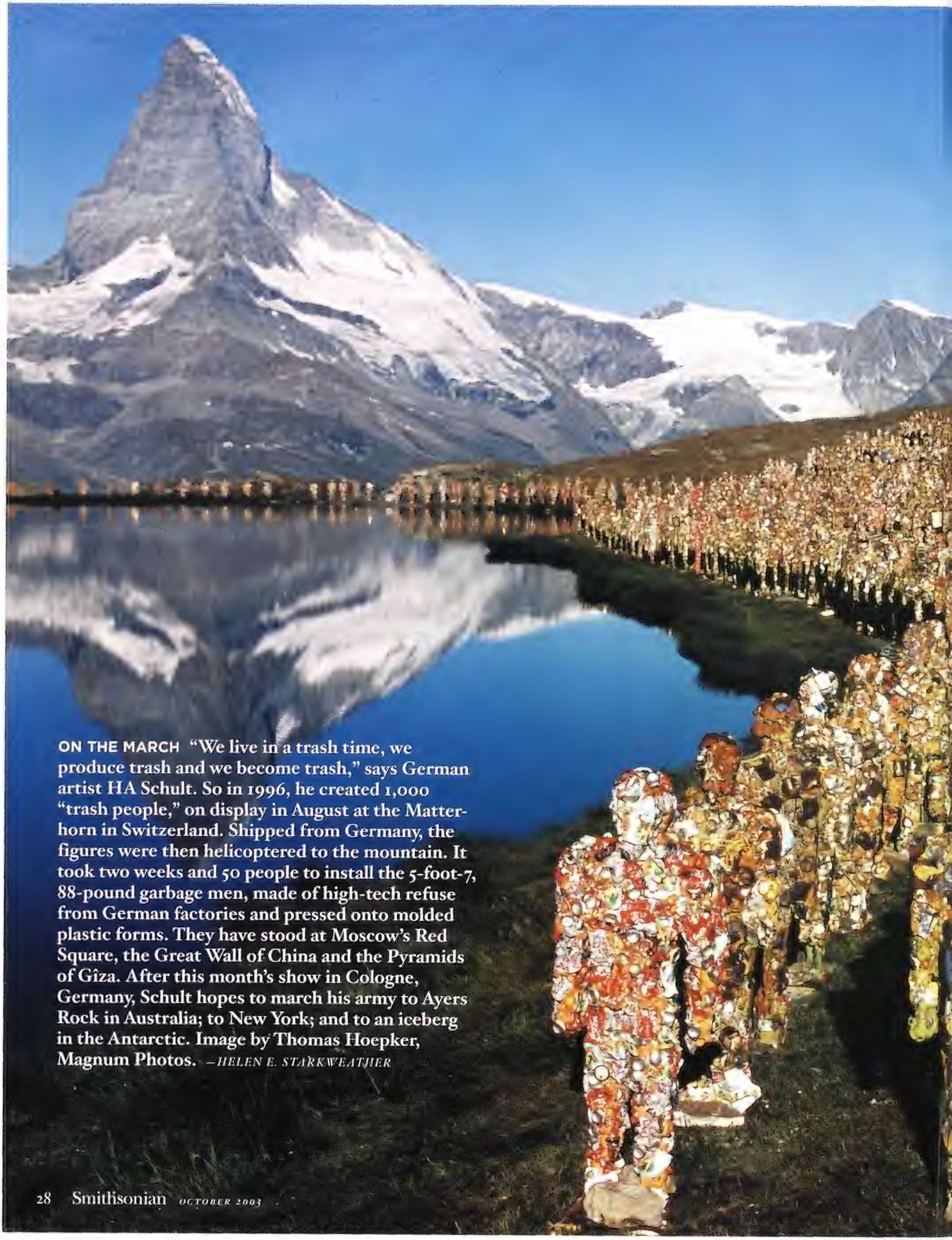
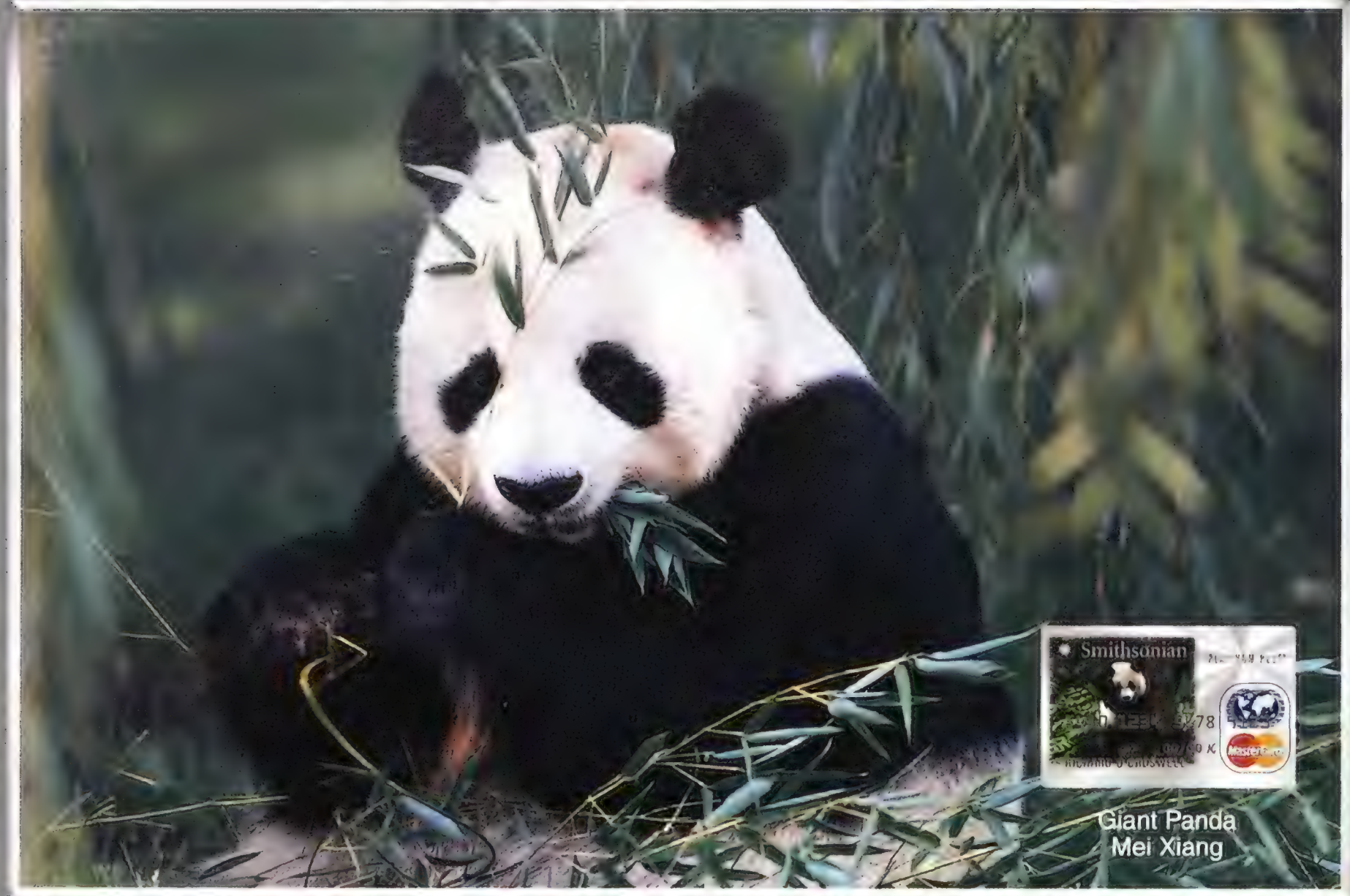


ON THE MARCH "We live in a trash time, we produce trash and we become trash," says German artist HA Schult. So in 1996, he created 1,000 "trash people," on display in August at the Matterhorn in Switzerland. Shipped from Germany, the figures were then helicoptered to the mountain. It took two weeks and 50 people to install the 5-foot-7, 88-pound garbage men, made of high-tech refuse from German factories and pressed onto molded plastic forms. They have stood at Moscow's Red Square, the Great Wall of China and the Pyramids of Gîza. After this month's show in Cologne, Germany, Schult hopes to march his army to Ayers Rock in Australia; to New York; and to an iceberg in the Antarctic. Image by Thomas Hoepker, Magnum Photos. *—HELEN E. STARKWEATHER*



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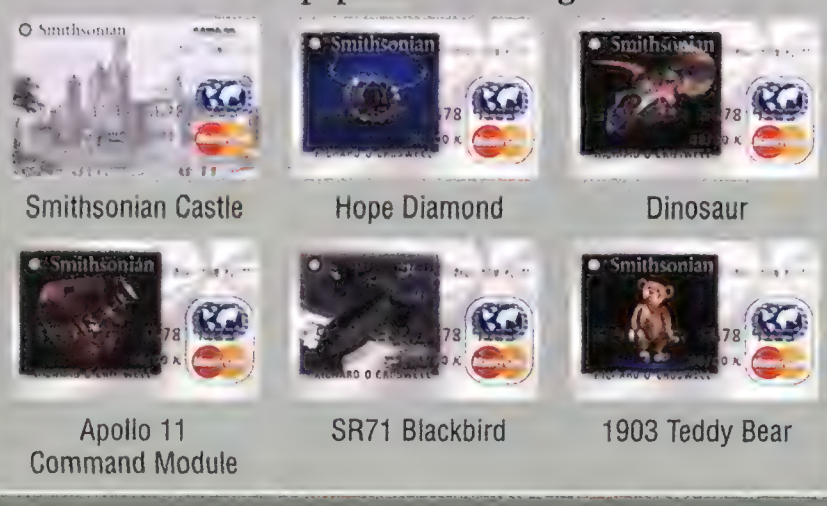

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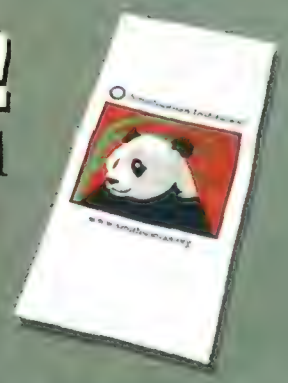

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Extreme croquet "features a great deal of abuse. Only a small percentage of it is in fun," says club co-founder Bruce Fitzgerald.

With Mallets Aforethought

Dropping all pretense of civility, extreme croquet enthusiasts take the game to new depths — BY RICHARD CONNIFF

THE GENTEEL SPORT OF CROQUET has always had a dark heart, and worn it proudly on its well-pressed sleeve. A player here in Connecticut used to drive around in a pickup truck with a croquet-association bumper sticker on one side of the trailer hitch and a right-to-bear-arms sticker on the other. So it was probably inevitable that sooner or later somebody would dream up extreme croquet and dedicate it to the enjoyment of "nature and the near-death experience."

Thus on a cold, rainy morning in the northwestern corner of the state, with the wind whipping in off Old Man McMillan Pond, a group of otherwise reasonable men huddle beneath a stand of hemlocks, contemplating mayhem. "Watch out, there could be shrapnel on this one," a player warns, as he hammers his ball out from under a rotten log in a shower of wood chips.

The setting bears no resemblance to the traditional game's neat geometry of wickets laid out on a putting-green lawn. It's a forest, as replete with whimsical obstacles as a miniature golf course but without the concrete gnomes (though some of the players could pass).

The equipment is also a little different: the balls are plastic, because wood shatters in icy weather. The wickets are made from solid-zinc lightning rods, also shatter-resistant. Some

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wickets are exceedingly narrow, just to complicate life, and a few have an upper level, allowing players to earn a bonus shot for going through on the fly. The mallets look like a cross between a nine iron and a sledgehammer: a four-foot-long ash handle with a big, cylindrical head made of high-density plastic, sometimes encased in aluminum, with a wedge on one end for chip shots. Instead of tennis whites, one of the players is wearing quilted hunting camouflage.

At least one thing remains the same. In the traditional game the prevailing emotion is spite, shading toward sadism. Players live for the pure malicious joy of catapulting a rival's ball off the course and into another time zone. "We've carried that over," says Bruce Fitzgerald, a charter member of the Connecticut eXtreme Croquet Society in West Hartford. "We've tried to keep the strongest elements of the game." After a moment, he adds: "It features a great deal of abuse. Only a small percentage of it is in fun."

Winter is the best time to play because of the greater potential for misery, but the Connecticut group gets together on Sundays year-round. Right now, everybody's trying to get past the turning post at one end of the course. The shot involves lofting the ball up over a three-foot-high moss-covered rock and slowly down to the next wicket. A veteran player advises a novice that if the ball fails to clear the hump and rolls back into the post, "We throw your weighted body into the lake." More often, though, it's the ball that ends up in the lake, first skipping over the hump a little too eagerly, ricocheting off a mossy ridge, slowing down through some scrubby vegetation (just enough to make the hapless player yell "Stop! Stop! Siddown-siddown-siddown"), then rolling over the edge, plonk, to induce a final heartfelt lament of self-loathing: "Oh, you moron!"

If all this is not enough to make a player feel like a troll, there is the extended repertoire of shots: full golf

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If all this is not enough to make a player feel like a troll, there is the extended repertoire of shots: full golf swing for getting across large stretches of open space. Seated sideways baseball swing for clearing the ball out from under the low branches of a spruce tree. Kneeling pool cue shot for close-wicket work. Careening the ball off any available obstacle is standard procedure. "I needed more curve in that root," a player protests.

Extreme croquet dates back to the 1920s, when fashionable folks built courses with sand traps and other hazards in California and on Long Island. The Connecticut version got its start at a New Year's Eve party in the 1980s, among a group of backyard croquet players. Sometime after midnight, inspired by, let's say, heightened feelings of oneness with mother earth, they decided to play by candlelight in the snow, which they shoveled into moguls. It dawned on them that the conventional game they had always played was "totally, completely boring, a baby game," says Bob Warseck, a 6-foot-7-inch executive headhunter. "We go walking in the woods all the time," he adds. "Why not bring the stuff with us?"

Warseck is not merely one of the Connecticut game's founding fathers, but also its archfiend. In the third game of today's match, he gets to the finish post first, as is often the case, and becomes "poison," which means that he can turn back and hunt down his fellow players. Victory also earns him six points, and since, by the arcane rules of the game, he has minus-five points from the previous round, Warseck lifts both arms and cries, "Back in the plus column! Time to dish out the negativos."

"Anything that's good for Bob is bad for society," mutters Bruce Fitzgerald. Warseck protests his innocence, but evil beams demoniacally from both eyes.

"It doesn't really *make* him a bad person," another player suggests. To which Fitzgerald glumly adds: "It just acknowledges that he *is* a bad person."

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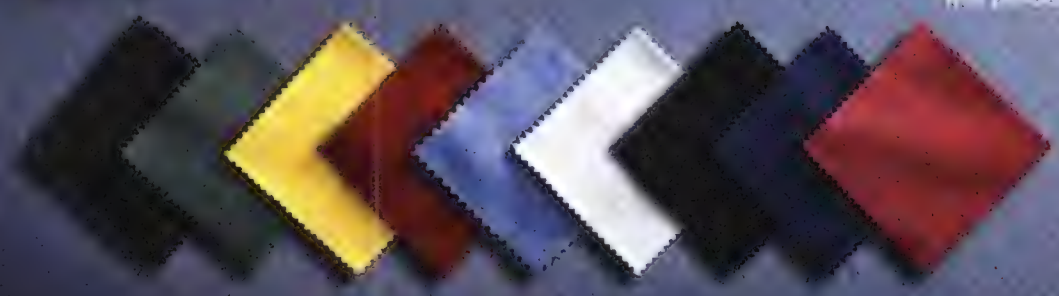

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Croquet's prevailing emotion is spite, shading toward sadism.

Warseck takes a long, improbable shot over a ridge and down across some gnarled roots. The ball rolls slowly, agonizingly, poisonously, toward Fitzgerald's ball, hesitates, and then delivers a decorous kiss of death.

"Oh, this is so much fun," says Warseck. It is, by and large, guy fun, and middle-aged guys, at that. Women play only on special occasions. (It's a wonder they show up even then: for her efforts, Warseck's wife has entered the game's vocabulary, "Diana's Mallet" now being the term for shepherding the ball through the wicket like a puppy rather than giving it a good clean whack. The Official Rules define the shot as "illegal, immoral, and without honor.")

Even the guys sometimes worry that, to an outsider, their sport might seem a little childish—for instance, when Bob Warseck is being targeted by his kid brother, John. "Come on, take him to Chicago!" the other players yell, seeking vengeance. Even John's 7-year-old son, tagging along for the day, pipes up, "Daddy, wipe him out!" John misses, Bob gloats and the two of them leap fiercely into the downward spiral of sibling hostilities—the low point coming when the boy crosses in front of another player's shot, and Bob yells, "Take the kid out!" With a croquet ball, that is.

But the strong language and hard feelings are mostly for show. So is the mayhem, though the players relish appearances to the contrary: on a part of the course where the acorns are strewn across the ground like marbles, players sometimes land on their backs in the follow-through on a shot and lie there smiling broadly at the sky.

They also like to talk about the time a TV cameraman insisted on shooting a close-up of a ball being hit. The ball smashed into what everybody thought, for one glorious moment, was a $35,000 lens but turned out to be only a $12 filter.

Like a lot of male rituals, extreme croquet takes the rocky path of conflict en route to camaraderie. It's about heading into the woods in search of a little glory—the cool shot, the well-placed insult, the rare moment of grace—with a few friends as witnesses and, OK, as victims too.

After a bad Sunday afternoon, says Fitzgerald's wife, Sue, her husband comes home in full pout. "Our cats give him a wide berth." So why go back Sunday after Sunday? Because on good days, she says, he's gloating, "like the king of all the realms. I just listen to him talk until he falls asleep." ○

RICHARD CONNIFF's most recent book is The Natural History of the Rich.

The Connecticut eXtreme Croquet Society (members Mitch Kutys, Diana Warseck, Harry Hom and Rich Malley) began 20 years ago.

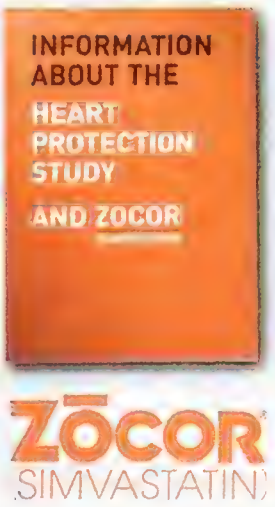
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HELP PROTECT YOUR HEART?

You do all kinds of things to help safeguard yourself. And yet, if you've had a heart attack or stroke, it's important to ask your doctor if you're doing enough to help protect your heart. The Heart Protection Study by Oxford University, funded in part by Merck, researched ZOCOR.

ZOCOR is the first and only cholesterol medication proven to significantly reduce the risk of heart attack and stroke in people with heart disease. Regardless of cholesterol level.

Before the Heart Protection Study was complete, ZOCOR was a time-tested, cholesterol-lowering medication, with over 160 million prescriptions filled in the past 11 years.

Ask your doctor how ZOCOR, along with a healthy diet, can help protect you. Get information about the Heart Protection Study and ZOCOR at ***zocor.com*** or call 1-800-MERCK-75.



ZOCOR® SIMVASTATIN

Important considerations: ZOCOR is a prescription medicine and isn't right for everyone, including women who are nursing or pregnant or who may become pregnant, anyone with liver problems, and people who are allergic to any ingredients of ZOCOR. Unexplained muscle pain or weakness could be a sign of a rare but serious side effect and should be reported to your doctor right away. Your doctor may do blood tests before and during treatment with ZOCOR to check for liver problems. To avoid serious side effects, discuss with your doctor medicine or food you should avoid while on ZOCOR.

YOUR RESULTS MAY VARY.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR IF ZOCOR IS RIGHT FOR YOU.
PLEASE READ THE MORE DETAILED INFORMATION ABOUT ZOCOR IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THIS AD.

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(SIMVASTATIN)

PLEASE READ THIS SUMMARY CAREFULLY, THEN ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT ZOCOR. NO ADVERTISEMENT CAN PROVIDE ALL THE INFORMATION NEEDED TO PRESCRIBE A DRUG. THIS ADVERTISEMENT DOES NOT TAKE THE PLACE OF CAREFUL DISCUSSIONS WITH YOUR DOCTOR. ONLY YOUR DOCTOR HAS THE TRAINING TO WEIGH THE RISKS AND BENEFITS OF A PRESCRIPTION DRUG FOR YOU.

USES OF ZOCOR

ZOCOR is a prescription drug that is indicated as an addition to diet for many patients with high cholesterol. For patients at high risk of coronary heart disease (CHD) because of existing heart disease, diabetes, vascular disease, or history of stroke, ZOCOR is indicated along with diet to reduce the risk of death by reducing coronary death; reduce the risk of heart attack and stroke; and reduce the need for revascularization procedures

WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED

Some people should not take ZOCOR. Discuss this with your doctor

ZOCOR should not be used by patients who are allergic to any of its ingredients. In addition to the active ingredient simvastatin, each tablet contains the following inactive ingredients: cellulose, lactose, magnesium stearate, iron oxides, talc, titanium dioxide, and starch. Butylated hydroxyanisole is added as a preservative.

Patients with liver problems: ZOCOR should not be used by patients with active liver disease or repeated blood test results indicating possible liver problems. (See WARNINGS.)

Women who are or may become pregnant: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus. **Women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely that they will become pregnant.** If a woman does become pregnant while on ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once

Women who are breast-feeding should not take ZOCOR.

WARNINGS

Muscle: Tell your doctor right away if you experience any unexplained muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness at any time during treatment with ZOCOR so your doctor can decide if ZOCOR should be stopped. Some patients may have muscle pain or weakness while taking ZOCOR. Rarely, this can include muscle breakdown resulting in kidney damage. The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients taking certain other drugs along with ZOCOR:

- **Cyclosporine, itraconazole, ketoconazole, erythromycin, clarithromycin, HIV protease inhibitors, the antidepressant nefazodone, or large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily), particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.**
- **Gemfibrozil, other fibrates, or lipid-lowering doses (≥1 g/day) of niacin, particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.**
- **Amiodarone or verapamil with higher doses of ZOCOR.**

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater at higher doses of simvastatin.

Because the risk of muscle side effects is greater when ZOCOR is used with the products listed above, the combined use of these products should be avoided unless your doctor determines the benefits are likely to outweigh the increased risks.

If your doctor determines that the benefits of combined use of ZOCOR with gemfibrozil, other fibrates, or niacin likely outweigh the increased risk of muscle problems, the dose of ZOCOR should not exceed 10 mg daily. No more than 10 mg/day of ZOCOR should be taken with cyclosporine.

The combined use of verapamil or amiodarone with doses above ZOCOR 20 mg should be avoided unless your doctor determines the benefits outweigh the increased risk of muscle breakdown.

Your doctor should also carefully monitor for any muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness, particularly during the initial months of therapy and if the dose of either drug is increased. Your doctor also may monitor the level of certain muscle enzymes in your body, but there is no assurance that such monitoring will prevent the occurrence of severe muscle disease.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems or diabetes.

If you have conditions that can increase your risk of muscle breakdown, which in turn can cause kidney damage, your doctor should temporarily withhold or stop ZOCOR. Also, since there are no known adverse consequences of briefly stopping therapy with ZOCOR, treatment should be stopped a few days before elective major surgery and when any major acute medical or surgical condition occurs. Discuss this with your doctor, who can explain these conditions to you.

Liver: About 1% of patients who took ZOCOR in clinical trials developed elevated levels of some liver enzymes. Patients who had these increases usually had no symptoms. Elevated liver enzymes usually returned to normal levels when therapy with ZOCOR was stopped.

In the ZOCOR Survival Study, the number of patients with more than 1 liver enzyme level elevation to greater than 3 times the normal upper limit was no different between the ZOCOR and placebo groups. Only 8 patients on ZOCOR and 5 on placebo discontinued therapy due to elevated liver enzyme levels. Patients were started on 20 mg of ZOCOR, and one third had their dose raised to 40 mg.

Your doctor should perform routine blood tests to check these enzymes before you start treatment with ZOCOR and thereafter when clinically indicated. Patients titrated to the 80-mg dose should receive an additional test at 3 months and periodically thereafter (eg, semiannually) for the first year of treatment. If your enzyme levels increase, your doctor should order more frequent tests. If your liver enzyme levels remain unusually high, your doctor should discontinue your medication.

Tell your doctor about any liver disease you may have had in the past and about how much alcohol you consume. ZOCOR should be used with caution in patients who consume large amounts of alcohol.

PRECAUTIONS

Drug Interactions: Because of possible serious drug interactions, it is important to tell your doctor what other drugs you are taking, including those obtained without a prescription. You should also tell other doctors who are prescribing a new medicine for you that you are taking ZOCOR. ZOCOR can interact with the following:

- Itraconazole
- Ketoconazole
- Erythromycin
- Clarithromycin
- HIV protease inhibitors
- Nefazodone
- Cyclosporine
- Large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily)

The risk of myopathy is also increased by the following lipid-lowering drugs that can cause myopathy when given alone:

- Gemfibrozil
- Other fibrates
- Niacin (nicotinic acid) (≥1 g/day)

The risk of muscle breakdown is increased with other drugs:

- Amiodarone
- Verapamil

Some patients taking lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR® (simvastatin) and coumarin anticoagulants (a type of blood thinner) have experienced bleeding and/or increased blood clotting time. Patients taking these medicines should have their blood tested before starting therapy with ZOCOR and should continue to be monitored.

Central Nervous System Toxicity; Cancer, Mutations, Impairment of Fertility: Like most prescription drugs, ZOCOR was required to be tested on animals before it was marketed for human use. Often these tests were designed to achieve higher drug concentrations than humans achieve at recommended dosing. In some tests, the animals had damage to the nerves in the central nervous system. In studies of mice with high doses of ZOCOR, the likelihood of certain types of cancerous tumors increased. No evidence of mutations or damage to genetic material has been seen. In 1 study with ZOCOR, there was decreased fertility in male rats.

Pregnancy: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus

Safety in pregnancy has not been established. In studies with lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR, there have been rare reports of birth defects of the skeleton and digestive system. Therefore, women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely they will become pregnant. If a woman does become pregnant while taking ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once. The active ingredient of ZOCOR did not cause birth defects in rats at 3 times the human dose or in rabbits at 3 times the human dose.

Nursing Mothers: Drugs taken by nursing mothers may be present in their breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, a woman taking ZOCOR should not breast-feed. (See WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED.)

Pediatric Use: ZOCOR is not recommended for children or patients under 10 years of age

Geriatric Use: Higher blood levels of active drug were seen in elderly patients (70–78 years of age) compared with younger patients (18–30 years of age) in 1 study. In other studies, the cholesterol-lowering effects of ZOCOR were at least as great in elderly patients as in younger patients, and there were no overall differences in safety between elderly and younger patients over the 20–80 mg/day dosage range. Of the 7 cases of myopathy/rhabdomyolysis among 10,269 patients on ZOCOR in another study, 4 were aged 65 or more (at baseline), 1 of whom was over 75.

SIDE EFFECTS

Most patients tolerate treatment with ZOCOR well; however, like all prescription drugs, ZOCOR can cause side effects, and some of them can be serious. Side effects that do occur are usually mild and short-lived. Only your doctor can weigh the risks versus the benefits of any prescription drug. In clinical studies with ZOCOR, less than 1.5% of patients dropped out of the studies because of side effects. In 2 large, 5-year studies, patients taking ZOCOR experienced similar side effects to those patients taking placebo (sugar pills). Some of the side effects that have been reported with ZOCOR or related drugs are listed below. This list is not complete Be sure to ask your doctor about side effects before taking ZOCOR and to discuss any side effects that occur

Digestive System: Constipation, diarrhea, upset stomach, gas, heartburn, stomach pain/cramps, anorexia loss of appetite, nausea, inflammation of the pancreas, hepatitis, jaundice, fatty changes in the liver, and rarely, severe liver damage and failure, cirrhosis, and liver cancer

Muscle, Skeletal: Muscle cramps, aches, pain, and weakness; joint pain; muscle breakdown

Nervous System: Dizziness, headache, insomnia, tingling, memory loss, damage to nerves causing weakness and/or loss of sensation and/or abnormal sensations, anxiety, depression, tremor, loss of balance, psychic disturbances

Skin: Rash, itching, hair loss, dryness, nodules, discoloration

Eye/Senses: Blurred vision, altered taste sensation, progression of cataracts, eye muscle weakness

Hypersensitivity (Allergic) Reactions: On rare occasions, a wide variety of symptoms have been reported to occur either alone or together in groups (referred to as a syndrome) that appeared to be based on allergic-type reactions, which may rarely be fatal. These have included 1 or more of the following: a severe generalized reaction that may include shortness of breath, wheezing, digestive symptoms, and low blood pressure and even shock; an allergic reaction with swelling of the face, lips, tongue, and/or throat with difficulty swallowing or breathing; symptoms mimicking lupus (a disorder in which a person's immune system may attack parts of his or her own body); severe muscle and blood vessel inflammation, sometimes including rash; bruises; various disorders of blood cells (that could result in anemia, infection, or blood clotting problems) or abnormal blood tests; inflamed or painful joints; hives; fatigue and weakness; sensitivity to sunlight; fever chills; flushing; difficulty breathing; and severe skin disorders that vary from rash to a serious burn-like shedding of skin all over the body, including mucous membranes such as the lining of the mouth

Other: Loss of sexual desire, breast enlargement, impotence

Laboratory Tests: Liver function test abnormalities including elevated alkaline phosphatase and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities.

NOTE: This summary provides important information about ZOCOR. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the prescribing information and then discuss it with them.

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Pete Koltnow's postcards (above) to future wife Dot (below, the couple in 1949) relayed his Route 66 adventure.

Loving the Highway Man

Six postcards from the summer of 1950 tell a tale of two sweethearts and an America on the move

PETE KOLTNOW is 74 years old, has been married 53 years, and has two daughters and six grandchildren, but when he talks about "wagging his thumb" to get a ride, a youthful sparkle shines in the old hitchhiker's eyes.

It's summer 1950, and Koltnow, a 21-year-old engineering student from Antioch College near Dayton, Ohio, is visiting his sweetheart, Dot Witter, who lives south of Chicago in Schererville, Indiana. Wearing his lucky green shirt, he kisses her goodbye. Before long, a postcard arrives in Dot's mailbox: "Rides have been good, and although I saw you yesterday, I'm only 2 hours from the N. Mexico line."

Koltnow had a job on an irrigation project waiting in Yuma,

◂ FROM THE ATTIC ▸

HERE'S LOOKING AT ME "It's an awfully good likeness," said Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower of a mannequin clad in the gown the first lady wore for Ike's 1953 inaugural ball. (It was coiffed with the famed "Mamie bangs," which the press nagged her to restyle.) Before a crowd of 500 that May 24, 1955, evening, Mamie had flipped the switch that officially illuminated the First Ladies Hall, a $75,000 renovation at the Smithsonian's Arts and Industries Building. Both the backless white brocade dress she wore to the ceremony and the gown in the case had been made by New York designer Nettie Rosenstein, who is also credited with inventing the "little black dress." Though the first lady was much admired for her supporting role ("Ike runs the country, and I turn the lamb chops"), she caught flak for her strapless gowns and form-fitting attire. "I hate old-lady dresses," she told her critics, "and I shall never wear them." Today, following a tour of the country, Mamie's pink, bedecked inaugural gown is in storage. The first ladies collection, which moved to the National Museum of American History in 1964, consistently ranks as the museum's most popular exhibition. *—B. P-L.*

Arizona, but he had no money, so hitchhiking the 18-foot-wide, 2,448-mile-long Route 66 was the way to get there. During his three-day trip, he sent six cards to Dot, who kept them all. The postcard chronicle of their summer love story (they were married that fall) is one of several tales about that well-traveled road in a new exhibition, "America on the Move," at the National Museum of American History. (Koltnow has been a Smithsonian volunteer since 1990.)

The young man was already a veteran of Route 66, having thumbed his way in 1948 some 10,000 miles from Ohio to Los Angeles, and back to Connecticut. The road had its surprises, like the hitch he shared with a sheet-covered corpse; it shuddered on the back seat with every bump of the highway. Or the Indy 500 driver who sped him—with great skill—through Missouri and into Kansas. "Name was Cecil Green and he told me he'd come in fourth," recalls Koltnow. In another memorable ride, the driver, passing a slower car, refused to pull from the path of an oncoming truck, swerving only at the last second. Says Koltnow: "I can still see the little rust pits in the chrome on that truck."

The Koltnows today.

Koltnow became a highway engineer—kismet, perhaps. He retired in 1984 as president of the Highway Users Federation, an association of industries that depend on the nation's roads. So when Koltnow's 16-year-old grandson, Pete Valente, asked what's changed about hitchhiking, "I told him, for one thing, the Interstate System doesn't allow it." As for Dot, Koltnow says, "she wants to know how I can remember Indy driver Cecil Green from a thousand years ago and forget half of a two-item shopping list when I go to the grocer."

—BETH PY-LIEBERMAN

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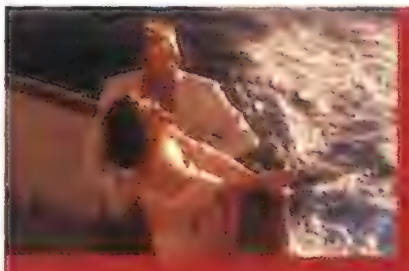

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07-A116-308

Here, Have a Seat

We'll do anything to lend verisimilitude to the American History Museum's new exhibition

FRIENDLY THOUGH we are here at the magazine, we don't usually respond to visitors with shirt-off-our-backs effusion. But when the National Museum of American History's Steve Lubar and Laura Hansen dropped by the other day, we did. As they stood in Associate Picture Editor Molly Roberts' office, Hansen abruptly announced, "That's the chair!" By the time they left, we had heard their tale of woe and given them two of our chairs. (Associate Art Director Erik Washam is the other chair donor.)

Curator Lubar and Project Assistant Hansen had been searching for a certain style of 1950s armchair—seat and back of olive leather, sturdy maple frame. The chairs were to debut as props in the museum's new transportation exhibition, "America on the Move." The show's 15 vignettes highlight the changing history of transportation, including the rise of the suburban commercial strip—a shift spurred by postwar America's increased mobility—and the urban sprawl that accompanied it. To illustrate these changes, the curators chose the Breslin & Wallace Buick dealership in Portland, Oregon, which in 1949 moved from downtown to an outlying northeast neighborhood. In the tableau, the strip is alive with cars and commerce: a teenage boy peers into the showroom, his motor scooter parked on the sidewalk, and a husband and his expectant wife admire a black shiny 1950 Buick Super sedan. "Postwar America was defined by the baby boom, the suburbs, the automobile and the consumer economy," says Lubar. "A family buying a car in a suburban showroom seemed the perfect place to tell that story."

You'll see our chairs (above) in a NMAH replica of a Buick sales office (top, Wallace Buick c. 1950).

Fifty years later, the dealership still sports its mid-century look, which, along with original blueprints, old advertisements and photographs, made it easy for museum staff members to replicate. They even dug up a period-perfect sales desk from a staff member's office. But when Lubar asked dealership owner Joe Breslin to donate some chairs, he hesitated. The chairs were still in use—in Breslin's office—and matched the woodwork and décor.

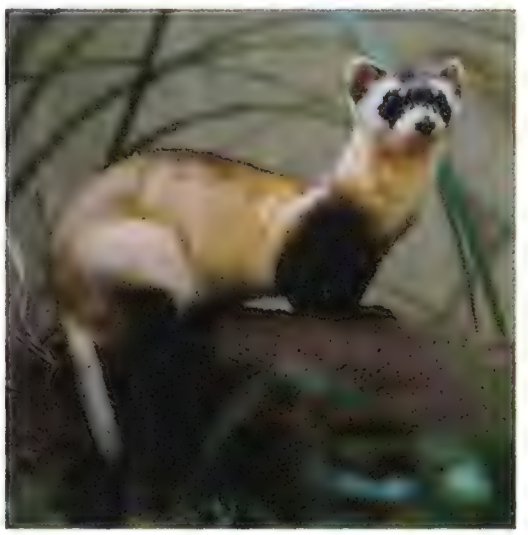
Thus began the search. The Gunlocke Chair Company no longer makes that model; government warehouses stock only 1980s furniture; even thrift stores were a dead end. "I was obsessed," Hansen reports. Then came the day she and Lubar visited us. "We said we'd trade your chairs for some newer ones," Lubar says. "In fact, I offered one from my office. It's still here. I'll have to make sure we send it to you."

Don't worry. We're easy.

—VICTORIA DAWSON

"America on the Move," NMAH's new transportation exhibition, will open November 22 (see "All Aboard!," p. 14).

WHO'S COUNTING?



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BLACK-FOOTED FERRETS HAVE BEEN BORN AT THE NATIONAL ZOO. THESE FURTIVE CREATURES WERE ONCE THE MOST ENDANGERED MAMMAL IN NORTH AMERICA; ONLY 18 EXISTED BY 1985. BUT THANKS TO EFFORTS BY SCIENTISTS AT THE ZOO AND ELSEWHERE, THE SPECIES HAS BEEN RESCUED FROM EXTINCTION AND REINTRODUCED INTO ITS NATIVE HABITAT IN THE WEST.

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BRESLIN-WALLACE BUICK, PORTLAND, OREGON, CLARK CHURCHOUSE; ATTA, TESSIE COHEN; NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK, SI

The principality's urban center (studded with high-rises, including, at left, the two Emirates Towers, rising above the morning mist) constitutes a high-tech oasis of trade and tourism. Says American journalist and part-time Dubai resident Youssef Ibrahim: "What's been created here is an international city-state with completely free enterprise."

Smithsonian
OCTOBER 2003 VOLUME 34, NUMBER 7

Dazzling Dubai

The Persian Gulf kingdom has embraced openness and capitalism. Might other Mideast nations follow?

BY KEN RINGLE

AT THE SHEIKH RASHID TERMINAL of Dubai International Airport—a glittering temple of Ali Baba eclecticism and gateway to this 1,500-square-mile principality on the Persian Gulf—a visitor steps onto a carpet patterned after wind-ruffled desert sand, passes goldtone replicas of palm trees and continues past a shop-till-you-drop duty-free store where one can buy a bar of gold or a raffle ticket for a Maserati. A few steps away stands the special departure gate for Hajj pilgrims en route to Mecca. They have their own Starbucks counter.

Beyond the terminal lies a startling skyline: high-rise hotels and office buildings of stainless steel and blue glass springing straight out of the desert, the backdrop to a waterfront where wooden dhows laden with Indian teak and spices from Zanzibar sail out of antiquity. Only ten minutes away, in the mind-numbing vastness of Deira City Centre, Dubai's largest suburban-style shopping mall, children in traditional Arab robes lose themselves in American video games. Veiled women, swathed in billowing black and sporting gold bracelets and diamonds, shop designer boutiques for thong underwear, garter belts and stiletto-heeled Italian shoes.

Islamic fundamentalists may rage at the West in many parts of the Arab world, but Dubai has embraced Western ways. Once a drowsy, flyblown haven for gold smugglers and pearl divers, the little emirate today is racing to realize a vision of itself as the Singapore of the Middle East: a high-tech oasis of trade, tourism and tolerance in a region long shell shocked by political and religious extremism.

Dubai has exploited its strategic location on the Persian Gulf—adjacent to the world's largest reserves of oil—to create a major port and a thriving commercial empire.

"The royal family here wants to position Dubai as an innovative leader and a global player, and they're determined to make that happen in their lifetime," a Dutch-born Dubai businessman told me over a cup of Arabic coffee the first morning of my stay. "The speed and magnitude of what they've accomplished is staggering. These people never experienced an industrial revolution. They've gone almost straight from a nomadic life on camels to the world of cellphones and faxes, absorbing the new with incredible efficiency." Yet, he cautions, "don't be fooled by all the stainless steel and glass. At its heart this remains a deeply traditional society."

"Dubai is the best unkept secret in the Middle East," says Youssef Ibrahim, a former correspondent for the *New York Times* and an expert on the Middle East who recently set up shop as a consultant in Dubai. "What's been created here is an absolutely irresistible attraction: a safe, sophisticated, very international city-state with completely free enterprise and all the pleasures of life, located next to the largest reserves of the world's most vital strategic commodity—oil. It's not only a Mecca for world trade, it's the best listening post in the region."

It is also a regional anomaly, an absolute but highly dynamic monarchy that has created an economic powerhouse out of little more than vision, geography and will. The emirate has neither elections nor a constitution, but its flexible, enlightened legal system incorporates elements of both Islamic and secular law in civil and criminal matters. The rulers stress the positive guiding precepts of the Prophet Mohammed, including reducing prison sentences for inmates who familiarize themselves with the Koran. Despite the country's adherence to the principles of Islam, the emirate is tolerant of infidels, permitting Dubai's hotels to sell liquor. Like its sister states in the United Arab Emirates (UAE), Dubai opposed the recent war in Iraq but confined its disapproval to providing humanitarian aid to the Iraqi people rather than demonizing the West.

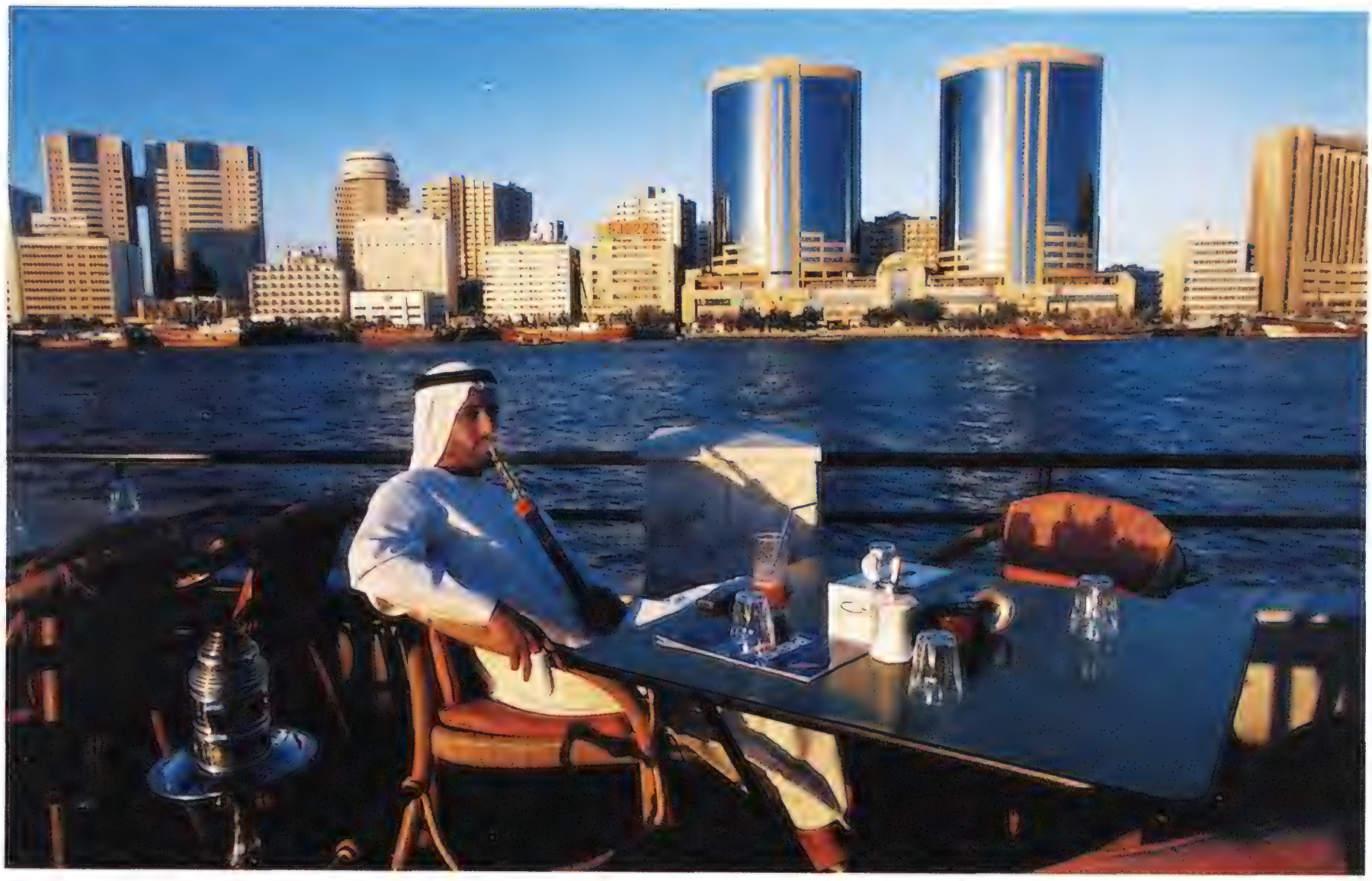
Only slightly larger than Rhode Island, Dubai is but one of seven ministates in the UAE, a loose federation of monarchies stretching 370 miles from Saudi Arabia to Oman. With the exception of Abu Dhabi, the other states—Sharjah, Ajman, Umm al-Qaiwain, Ras al-Khaimah and Fujairah—are even smaller. The entire region was a British protectorate from about 1820 to 1971.

"Dubai is sui generis," says *New York Times* foreign affairs columnist Thomas L. Friedman, the veteran Middle East correspondent and author of the bestselling *Longitudes and Attitudes: Exploring the World After September 11*. "There are no other Dubais in the Arab world." But it may, he says, provide a cultural and economic template for that world's future.

KEN RINGLE is a staff writer at the Washington Post.

MIKE REAGAN, PP. 40-41 DUBAI 2003

Only 50 years ago, Dubai languished as a coastal hamlet (above, in a 1940s photograph by British adventurer Sir Wilfred Thesiger, who died in August at age 93). Under its royal family, the emirate was reborn as an urban showcase (where trendy cafés, below, line the waterfront). Says one expat resident: "[Here] they've gone almost from a nomadic life on camels to the world of cellphones."



Travelers, whether in search of beaches, shopping or business opportunities, flock to luxury accommodations (including the $1,000-a-night Burj Al Arab hotel, left). Says Tor Svelland, CEO of a Norwegian software company: "People here see only the possibilities."

Russian tourists flock to Dubai for the sun and beaches, British vacationers for tax-free shopping, and French businessmen for the kingdom's booming trade in fiber optics and information technology. But greeting all who arrive at the InterContinental Dubai is a slight, white-bearded figure in Arab robes. Seated with a platter of dates and a brass coffeepot beneath a small striped canopy in the lobby, he fulfills an ancient role: welcoming the weary desert traveler into the Bedouin encampment and offering the hospitality of the tribe. Never mind that travelers dismount not from camels but from desert-model BMWs and Mercedes sedans equipped with TVs and air-cooled seats.

Although Western dress is as common as the modern architecture here, at least half the population wear traditional Arab garb—the men in white or checkered head scarves (*gutra*) and the long-sleeved neck-to-ankle white tunic, or *dishdasha*; the women in black caftanlike *abayas*, arms and head covered. Many of those women, moreover, will be veiled: some totally, others displaying only their eyes, still others eyes and forehead.

"Veiling is a highly personal decision here," a Dubai woman told me. "Those who veil tend to look on it as something like a raincoat they throw on when they leave the house." When, as it sometimes happens, the breeze from a passing vehicle lifts an abaya to the ankle, that gust of wind may reveal spike-heeled, Italian leather sandals, or jeans and running shoes. What appears most remarkable is the ease with which Dubai women in purdah mingle with bare-midriff and miniskirted women, Arab or not—thigh to thigh in a hotel elevator, for example, as the piped-in crooning of Christina Aguilera inquires, "*Voulez vous couchez avec moi?*"

Dubai's women have the same legal and educational rights as men and hold many public sector jobs. Sheika Maitha bint Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, the 23-year-old daughter of Dubai's crown prince, Sheik Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, even competes in karate.

Pragmatic open-mindedness has also prevailed in the disposition of Dubai's territorial boundaries. As late as the 1940s, tribes in the region warred over disputed borders; such demarcations were submerged when the UAE was formed in 1971. Those tribal borders still exist on administrative maps: someone has to know which sheik owns which oil well or who pays for which streetlight. But for me, a map showing Dubai's exact boundaries was almost impossible to find. "Sweetheart, there are no borders!" says Mary Bishara, an Egyptian marketing manager for an Emirates Airline subsidiary. "That's what makes this such a remarkable country." A knowledgeable expat eventually sketched Dubai's boundaries for me on a UAE map.

Such demarcations, in any case, may well be beside the point. "We want people to work, live and travel where they wish in a UAE free of the past," says Ibrahim Belselah, the government official who led Dubai's preparations for the 11,000-person World Bank and International Monetary Fund annual meeting scheduled to take place there in September (after this issue goes to press).

RABIH MOGHRABI / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

TODAY, TRIBAL WARFARE takes the form of economic competition. Abu Dhabi, with 86 percent of the UAE's land and enough oil reserves to last 150 years, may be the richest of the emirates, but Dubai is where the action is. Supertankers crowd its shipyards, which constitute one of the world's largest container ports. Arab playboys boogie through the night at gilt-edged nightclubs and bars in some 300 hotels. Tiger Woods has played in its golf tournaments. There are camel races, horse races and powerboat races. Thirty years ago, Dubai's students attended traditional Islamic schools where, in paper-scarce classrooms, they scratched Koranic verses onto polished cattle bones. Today, 37 percent of the population is linked to the Internet, and municipal agencies etch their Web site addresses onto marble facades of downtown headquarters.

"I've spent a lot of time in Kuwait, but there's little sense of the incredible energy you feel here," Tor Svelland, CEO of a Norwegian software company, told me. "I remember being in Hong Kong in the early 1990s. It was just like this. People here see only possibilities."

This kind of thinking can lead to a mind-reeling brand of over-the-topism, best exemplified by the Palm project, a mega-development now taking shape off the Jumeirah Beach and its tourist hotels southwest of town. There, Dubai's beachfront is being radically expanded through the creation of an intricate sand island constructed in the shape of a date palm. The trunk will stretch three miles; a surrounding, crescent-shaped breakwater will extend nearly seven miles; some of the 17 frond-shaped peninsulas will jut out more than a mile into the gulf. The complex will sprout 2,500 beachfront villas, up to 2,400 shoreline apartments, 49 hotels, and a water park, replete with performing killer whales and dolphins. The $1.5 billion project, begun in July 2001, is scheduled to open in 2005. Its developers boast it will be visible from the moon. And there's a second Palm project already under way nearby.

When Dubai wanted to expand its beachfront in 2001, construction began on a huge project: a sand island in the shape of a date palm, to be completed in 2005.

From earth, the best place to watch the Palm emerging from the waves is the restaurant atop the nearby Burj Al Arab (Arabian Tower) hotel, 54 stories of architectural swagger designed to look like a racing sloop sailing under full spinnaker. Opened in 1999, the Burj so symbolizes Dubai's soaring aspirations that it adorns the emirate's license plates.

Not everyone loves the Burj ("a bit flash for my taste," sniffed one British expat), but it does function as a mirror of the once and future Dubai. Accommodations include a $7,500-a-night royal suite (Bill Clinton has stayed there) and the least expensive suite, a $1,000-a-night duplex larger than many houses I've lived in. With the help of off-season rates and a marathon bout of Internet comparison shopping, I managed to eke out a few days there at the bargain price of $682 a night—a discount coinciding with the Dubai Shopping Festival, held in January. No cutbacks were evident in the five-star service: iced French champagne, mirrors above the parking-lot-size bed, 11 telephones, including one at the bidet and one by the Jacuzzi, and a remote-controlled TV that permitted me to identify a visitor from a floor away or open the door for my personal butler, Eddie, a Filipino who appeared distressed I wouldn't let him serve me dinner or unpack my clothes.

Among the 1,200-member staff (which includes 20 chauffeurs for the hotel's ten Rolls Royces) are 6 men devoted entirely to maintaining the hotel's floor-to-ceiling tropical fish tanks. The 15-foot-tall aquariums flank the entrance escalators and serve as the centerpiece for the ultra-sheik Al Mahara restaurant. There, moray eels and sharks glide past your table, eyeing relatives swimming in hoisin sauce and sauvignon blanc.

For Dubai shoppers, one lobby boutique offers Burj-style bargains: a gold-filigree model of Columbus' flagship, the *Santa Maria* ($150,000); a rock-crystal cobra with ruby eyes battling a lapis lazuli mongoose ($35,000); and a fist-size falcon of turquoise with a diamond-studded beak on a gold base embedded with 55 rubies ($125,000). The lobby window held the shop's pièce de résistance: an elegantly cut woman's vest (size 8) composed of links of solid gold, set off by the occasional tasteful diamond: $1.2 million.

Excess on this scale might suggest Dubai is little more than an Arab Côte d'Azur drunk on development. But the most compelling aspect of the emirate is not the wealth itself, but where it comes from and how it's used. Unlike Abu Dhabi, which produces more than 85 percent of the UAE's oil (the emirates' total reserves rank fourth in the world), Dubai never had large amounts of oil. Its production, which peaked in 1991 at 410,000 barrels per day, provides less than 10 percent of its income. When the United Arab Emirates was formed 32 years ago this December, Sheik Rashid bin Saeed Al Maktoum, the late father of Dubai's present rulers, realized he could not gamble his little principality's prospects on oil revenues. The future, he believed, lay in making Dubai the great marketplace of the Middle East; he set out to minimize bureaucracy and create tax-free trading zones. Businesses need offices: Sheik Rashid calculated that Dubai's traditional families could profit mightily by developing and renting—but

GAMMA PRESS

continuing to own—real estate.

"The man could hardly read and write, but he was a genuine genius and a true visionary," says a European veteran of those days. "He slept in a room over his office by the shipyard so he could appear at all hours to tell the workers: 'Streamline your procedures, cut the red tape and make things move faster.' He had a few very honest advisors who had worked for Shell and British Petroleum, but he was the real driving force. And his lesson is still followed. Government paperwork that takes four days in London takes four hours in Dubai."

"What Dubai demonstrates overwhelmingly to the rest of the region is the importance of leadership," says the *Times*' Friedman. These days, Crown Prince Sheik Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, 54, the charismatic, black-bearded third son, actively promotes Sheik Rashid's vision. His oldest brother, Sheik Maktoum bin Rashid Al Maktoum, 60, is the ruler of Dubai and vice president of the UAE. His older brother, Sheik Hamdan, 58, deputy ruler of Dubai, also serves as finance minister of the UAE. But it is Sheik Mohammed who is Dubai's most visible leader.

"There is one very, very important Arab in Dubai and that is Sheik Mohammed," Friedman goes on. "What gives me great confidence in Dubai both for its future and as a positive example for the rest of the region is not just the vitality of his leadership but the type of people he surrounds himself with and promotes. They are not at all the sycophants and hangers-on you usually see around a monarch. They are amazingly able and dynamic people."

In addition to his role as heir apparent to his brother, Sheik Mohammed also serves as defense minister of the UAE. In this capacity, he oversaw the deployment of 4,000 troops to Kuwait this past February. Though the UAE opposed the war and advocated giving U.N. inspectors more time to find Iraq's famously elusive weapons of mass destruction, the sheik made clear that UAE forces would help protect Kuwait.

Sheik Mohammed (winner of the 2000 Dubai World Cup horse race) likes competition in many forms: "We have to make history, not wait for the future to come to us."

Exemplifying a rare instance of Arab unity—the emirates act as a single entity in conducting foreign affairs, although each emir remains sovereign within his own principality—the UAE serves as a voice of moderation in the often fractious politics of the region.

Sheik Mohammed appears almost daily on the front page of the *Gulf News*—attending an Arab summit, welcoming Jordan's King Abdullah II to the Burj Al Arab (Abdullah, attending a conference on investment in Jordan this past January, described Dubai as an economic model for his country), or launching some bold, usually quirky, endeavor. "We don't worry about completing a project," he told me when I caught up with him after he had won an 80-mile endurance horse race through the desert. "Completing projects I leave to others. As soon as we start, I'm thinking, 'What will be the next?'"

Strolling Dubai's tidy but traffic-clogged city streets or driving its immaculate four-lane freeways through the desert, one can only wonder just what the sheik might dream up next. At night, the shores of Dubai Creek, a river-wide body of water winding through the city, sparkle with festive lights. Traffic overpasses shine in the glow of yard-high palm trees constructed entirely of tiny lights. By day the two Emirates Towers, one an 1,150-foot office building and the other a five-star hotel, each topped with a dramatically tilted triangular roof, dominate the urban skyline.

Beneath the high, arched roof of the fabric souk (market), shop owners sell everything from pashmina shawls to Teletubby dolls. In the crowded, multiblock gold souk, where every shop glitters with bracelets and necklaces, Indian and Pakistani merchants will tell you gold is cheaper in Dubai than anywhere in the world. Sheik Mohammed, however, says he is prouder of the huge Jebel Ali tax-free port and business zone down the coast; and of Dubai Internet City, the largest information technology complex in the Middle East; and Dubai Media City. He wants Media City to be the region's hub for news organizations from CNN to Al Jazeera.

"When I came five years ago, not so much of this was here," a Pakistani cabdriver told me one afternoon as we inched through traffic. "It feels like it's all new." With construction barreling along just about 24 hours a day year-round, the demand for labor has attracted foreign workers, who make up 80 percent of Dubai's one million population. "I work very hard and long hours," my driver said. "But it is very safe and stable. Both the work and the pay are far better than I could find in Karachi." The expatriates include Indians, Filipinos, Pakistanis and workers from countries throughout the Middle East, who take jobs in construction; act as maids, waiters and shop clerks; perform maintenance chores and oversee many of Dubai's ingenious efforts to make its desert bloom. The guest workers fill a number of professional slots as well.

To Mary-Jane Deeb, an American University professor and Arab world specialist at the Library of Congress in Washington, the number and diversity of the foreign workers in Dubai offer the greatest proof of the society's success. "People who are fighting each other elsewhere in the world, like Pakistanis and Indians, work comfortably together in Dubai," she says.

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"All religions are countenanced, and even though Islam exerts a powerful influence in Dubai, it's an extralegal role."

For all its concrete, Dubai remains, inescapably, a desert locale. The morning haze, visible everywhere, is more often the powder-fine sand of Arabia than the moisture from the gulf seen in the photograph that opens this article. Occasional sandstorms, reducing visibility to a block or less, can last for days, to be typically followed by an emirate-wide washdown.

Despite several factory-size desalination plants that run around-the-clock on Dubai's coast, water remains a precious commodity (roughly 30 cents a liter for drinking water, compared with 24 cents for gasoline). Even so, Dubaians make heroic efforts to maintain fountains, lawns and flowers. Networks of black plastic irrigation hoses snake along almost every roadside. "You see," said a Dubai real estate executive with a matter-of-fact wave of his hand, "every plant must have its own water tap."

The day Sultan Bin Sulayem, chairman of the Palm project, took me on a tour of his emergent island complex via boat, foot and all-terrain vehicle, he proudly pointed out enormous Dutch dredges fountaining sand from the gulf bottom, and cranes hefting Volkswagen-size boulders from barges to construct a breakwater. But he seemed most delighted by a scrawny, foot-high plant growing next to a freshwater tap at the construction workers' barracks. "Some people said nothing would grow on this salty sand," he said. "But some worker dropped a seed from the mango he had for lunch and look: it is now growing a tree!"

On a nearby sandbar—one of the Palm's 17 peninsular fronds—he showed off more than a dozen plots where researchers are testing salt-tolerant plant varieties. The plots represent a microcosm of a $3 million-a-year research effort at the International Center for Biosaline Agriculture a dozen miles away. There, for the past four years, scientists have been working to identify crops and landscape plants that use salt water.

"There is a huge difference in what it takes to make salt water drinkable, compared to what it takes to make it just pure enough to grow crops," said Saeed Al Mussallam, commercial manager of a residential development on the outskirts of Dubai, as we drove through landscape that could have been in Nevada. "Today what you see here is desert. Come back in a few years and it will all be olive trees and orchards."

It would be easier to regard such claims with skepticism, were Dubai's other transformations less dramatic. Obviously, some of these plans won't work. But who's to say which will fail? Not the roughly 200,000 citizens of Dubai, who won't hesitate to tell you they are living well.

One morning toward the end of my stay, I drove out into the desert with a guide, Yousif Assad, bound for a resort about 45 minutes southeast of the city. There, Sheik Mohammed has set up a 30-room eco-resort (rates can go up to $1,400 a night) to serve as an environmental model for Dubai's future developers as well as a preserve for the emirate's fast-vanishing desert. Admittedly, the tranquil Al-Maha Resort offers a rarefied experience: each suite has its own swimming pool; in the evening, guests ride camels to a nearby ridge to sip champagne and watch the sun go down behind the dunes.

Assad, the son of a camel breeder, leads tourist excursions into the desert. "But not because I have to," he says, but "because I *want* to. I am Bedou and without the desert I am nothing." He says he appreciates what the government has made possible, which includes grants of money and housing for newlyweds as well as excellent schools and a booming economy. When he injured his leg playing for one of Dubai's official soccer teams, the government sent him to Germany for seven months of surgery and rehabilitation. He never paid a dime. "That's because our sheiks are generous. They share money with the people. You think that happens in Saudi Arabia? Those sheiks, they share nothing."

Embracing tradition: Dubai's desert landscape also draws eco-tourists (riding camelback on a safari). Endangered species include gazelles, Arabian foxes and oryx.

PETER BLAKELY/CORBIS SABA

For some reason, I recalled a scene from *Lawrence of Arabia* in which Sheik Auda abu Tayi, played by Anthony Quinn, shouts to his cheering followers, "I am a river to my people!" When Sheik Mohammed emerged from the desert to win the endurance horse race, cheering Emeratis had swarmed around his horse as they did around Quinn's in the movie.

Maybe, I thought, Dubai is nothing more than a benevolent Arab tribal monarchy in modern dress. Then I remembered Saif Sultan al Shamsi, a marketing executive I met in Sheik Mohammed's tent the afternoon of the race. Al Shamsi was dressed in a sand-colored dishdasha and white head scarf; with his easy charm, he would have appeared at home anywhere in the world. As we sat amid pillows and Oriental rugs, dining on an exquisitely prepared buffet featuring dishes from beef *tournedos* to curried shrimp and pastries, Al Shamsi talked about his year in the United States, when a chilly New York winter sent him fleeing to Tucson and a more familiar clime.

"Were you buying horses there?" I asked, thinking of the millions in equine bloodstock just outside the tent. "My friend, I don't do horses," said Al Shamsi, smiling indulgently. "I love golf. And I love my Harley." ○

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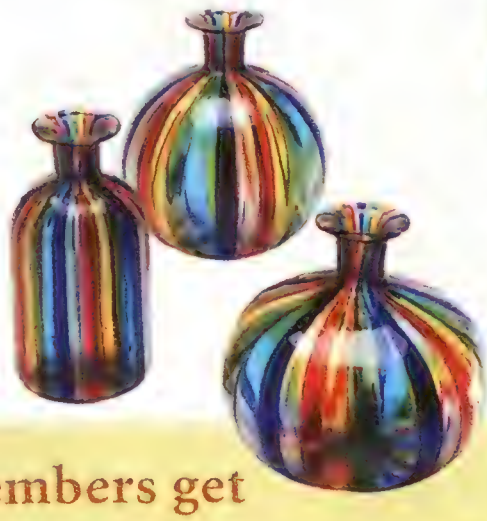

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TONY BLAIR GOES TO WAR

In a new book, a British journalist documents the day-by-day march into conflict in Iraq

BY PETER STOTHARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK DANZIGER

"This is your 50th birthday present, Prime Minister," says Strategy Director Alastair Campbell as Tony Blair comes through the front door of No. 10 Downing Street. "Peter Stothard is going to follow you everywhere you go for 50 days."

Tony Blair sighs. He had agreed a few weeks earlier for a journalist to be with him on the path to war with Iraq. It had seemed like a good idea at the time.

"Well, a month then," Campbell concedes with a grin, "Thirty days."

Like many good resolutions, it does not seem so attractive now. Little is going right. He does not even know for sure that he will still be prime minister 30 days from now.

Tony Blair decides to stick with his decision. He will have a closely observed record of his leadership in the war against Saddam Hussein.

By March 6, 2003, the day Tony Blair invited his chronicler through the door, Britain had become an angry country. Millions of voters, particularly young voters who five years before had hailed his "Cool Britannia," were enraged that the first Labor prime minister since 1979 seemed about to send bombers to the civilians of Baghdad. Britain, they shouted, should just let George Bush get on with fighting his father's old enemy, Saddam Hussein.

MONDAY, MARCH 10

Morning headlines: *Minister threatens resignation from Blair Cabinet . . . Iraq attacks "fascist" USA . . .*

TEN YEARS AGO few of even his closest friends could imagine Tony Blair in the place he is now. He was not always the most certain of men. He was persuasive and popular. He liked to be liked. He would have hated the mockery and ridicule.

What has happened?

There are simple answers: he is taking the heat because he knows that he can. He has discovered that he can absorb attack after attack and still be standing.

There are awkward answers: he is restless. He wants to get things done and get out. He does not want to look back later on missed chances to make his view of the world count.

There are also the Christian beliefs that he shares with George Bush. They include a moral revulsion at how Saddam Hussein treats his own people.

Tony Blair won influence over George Bush with a gamble. He promised that British forces would be ready to fight alongside Americans against Saddam Hussein. He asked in return that the United States seek the maximum United Nations authority.

Today the gamble seems to be failing.

Only limited United Nations support has been won. The man who is accustomed to being a winner stands about to lose. He will be asked to make good on his pledge of troops without the United Nations backing he thought he could secure. He knows that George Bush will not wait long enough for the diplomats and persuaders to do everything that they want to do.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12

Morning headlines: *Tony Blair faces first reports of challenge to his leadership . . . Washington wants U.N. vote "this week". . . Thousands protest in Pakistan and Indonesia . . .*

TONY BLAIR SITS STIFFLY on the end of the sofa nearest to the fireplace. He has not had the easiest of nights. After returning from a meeting with the queen he found that American Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld had written Britain out of the coming war. If the British government could not sort out its political problems, Rumsfeld had said, then too bad: Washington would go it alone.

To be stabbed by Britain's traditional French rival is one thing. To be kicked by its transatlantic ally is something else. It had taken two late calls to President Bush to establish that Secretary Rumsfeld was "only trying to help."

THURSDAY, MARCH 13

Morning headlines: *Washington threatens Moscow with consequences of veto . . . Tony Blair denies that British place in war depends on new U.N. resolution . . .*

TONY BLAIR WAS BOTH a political and a personal friend of Bill Clinton, and had worked with him over many shared problems. How was it possible that Tony Blair could switch so quickly to a close relationship with George Bush, a conservative Texan with whom he shared barely a single belief about how a country should be taxed and run?

Was it true that the two men prayed together? Did George Bush genuinely believe that God guided his hand? Tony Blair did not go that far. He was a more traditional English Christian. He was knowledgeable about Islam and sympathetic to its adherents. What did he and the president say to each other about their religious beliefs, and what difference did it make?

The prime minister takes a walk out into the hall and looks into an empty office as if the answer to the latest state of the vote-count will emerge from its filing cabinets.

"What amazes me is how many people are happy for Saddam to stay," he says. "They ask why we don't get rid of Mugabe, why not the Burmese lot. Yes, let's get rid of them all. I don't because I can't, but when you can, you should."

SATURDAY, MARCH 15

Morning headlines: *Emergency summit in Azores . . . Bush to publish Middle East "road map". . . U.S. commanders say Iraqi forces in civilian area will be targets . . .*

TONY BLAIR IS SEATED in a large gilt chair in a reception room on Downing Street that the Treasury uses to impress foreign bankers. He looks slight, in open-necked blue shirt and chino trousers as he reviews the latest security reports from Iraq. Some of the Baghdad government is resigned to

"How was it possible that Blair [with the president in Northern Ireland] could switch so quickly to a close relationship with Bush?"

TO MANY OF BLAIR'S CRITICS SUCH CERTAINTY IS THE WAY OF MADNESS. SOME HAVE DECIDED THAT HE IS ALREADY MAD.

war; there is a certain amount of "summary punishment" being meted out to dissenters.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Gordon Brown poses the question most often heard in the streets. "What people ask me," he says, "is why is there not just a little more delay."

The prime minister snaps impatiently: "The reason is that you just go back to 1441: time, time and more time."

The number 1441 is shorthand for the United Nations resolution against Saddam Hussein that the Security Council agreed to but did not want to act upon. If Parliament ministers could say that the war was being fought because of intolerable abuses of human rights, torture and mass murder, the case would be much easier to make.

SUNDAY, MARCH 16

Morning headlines: *Tony Blair faces toughest fight of his political life . . . Chirac confirms veto of any new U.N. resolution authorizing war . . .*

AMID THE WILDFLOWERS of a Portuguese airstrip in the Azores, Air Force One finally arrives, escorted by enough surveillance planes to invade a small country.

Talks begin quickly in a brick airport building. George Bush makes suitable, if somewhat halting, remarks about restoring the authority of the United Nations: "In post-Saddam Iraq the U.N. will definitely need to have a role and that . . . that way it can get . . . begin to get . . . its legs . . . legs of responsibility back."

The press conference commences without mishap. Saddam gets his ultimatum. Tony Blair gets his extra time for Parliament.

Prime Minister and President are separated in the line-up for the cameras. The Downing Street team did not want to risk too enthusiastic a hug of Tony Blair by George Bush. That might have cost votes.

Back in the plane for home, Tony Blair muses about his relationship with two U.S. presidents. "Bush has never been concerned about my closeness to Bill Clinton. He sees that the problem of terrorist states and terrorist weapons of mass destruction is the problem of our generation. We may have come to that conclusion from different political traditions, different ideological directions, but we both see that. We're both working to see that others see it too."

TUESDAY, MARCH 18

Morning headlines: *George Bush offers Saddam Hussein "exile or destruction". . . U.N. pulls out weapons inspectors . . . France, Russia and Germany oppose use of force . . .*

THERE ARE STILL 20 minutes till Labor Members of Parliament gather to be persuaded of the case for war. Tony Blair is in the den, writing notes on the final draft of what he will say.

If Tony Blair fails, the invasion of Iraq will go on regardless. A week ago Donald Rumsfeld may have been incautious in saying that Washington would not be stopped by Britain's political doubts, but he was not being untruthful. The effect on the world of a unilateral American victory is one of the outcomes of tonight's vote that Tony Blair fears the most.

The television pundits are now surveying the post-Blair landscape. They predict that he will "scrape through" the test, but ask each other enthusiastically about what will happen if he does not.

He doggedly sets out his case. If we weaken now, Saddam Hussein and all dictators will know they can do as they will. The Iraqi government has had 12 years in which to meet the promises it made after its last defeat. Saddam is evil: he punishes dissenters by cutting out their tongues and leaving them tied to lampposts till they die.

The interventions from members of Parliament are feebler than in many less significant debates. The dissenting Labor M.P., former actress Glenda Jackson, tries mockingly to make a point. Tony Blair just ignores her. The one-time star of the stage at his Edinburgh boarding school disdains the attentions of the Oscar-winner.

After all the editing upstairs, he says little more than that the future cannot be known before it happens—with which all can surely agree. But the piling of argument on argument is brutal.

Logic, however, will only take him so far. Those whom he wins over, he wins by showing so powerfully his confidence that he is right.

To many of his critics such certainty is the way of madness. Some have decided that he is already mad, made so by too long in power, too many admirers, too many enemies and too little listening carefully to either friends or foes. The isolation of Downing Street, even friends say, has changed the warm, open, accommodating young M.P. and lawyer they used to know. The man who could always talk around an issue is now taking one view and holding it like a creed.

Others say that he is feigning his peculiar mad certainty, that he needs something to hide his obedience to American orders.

By the time he has reached the rhetorical ending, his words have run as well as they could ever run. He sits down to cheers and cries of shame from precisely where he expected them to be.

The chamber is packed. The vote to go to war is called. The first and most critical is on the dissenters' amendment. Allies and opponents, friends and enemies, all jostle together through the voting lobbies. A few minutes later Chief Whip Hilary Armstrong whispers the result in her boss's ear and receives a congratulatory smile in return. The govern-

Adapted from the book *Thirty Days: Tony Blair and the Test of History* by Peter Stothard. Copyright © 2003. Printed by arrangement with HarperCollins Publishers.

ILL. NICK DANZIGER / CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

"The isolation of 10 Downing Street [where portraits of former prime ministers line a stairway wall] has changed the accommodating young lawyer they used to know. The man who could always talk around an issue is now taking one view and holding it like a creed."

ment has held its ground. It has suffered an enormous rebellion, but prevented a catastrophic rout.

Back in the prime minister's office, Tony Blair thanks everyone in a short last speech of the day. There is relief, but no air of triumph.

THURSDAY, MARCH 20

Morning headlines: *American "decapitation" attack on Saddam Hussein begins war . . . Troops advance to the Iraqi border . . . France, Germany and Russia strongly object at U.N. . . .*

GEORGE BUSH BEGAN THE BOMBING of Baghdad rather earlier than his best ally expected. At 8 a.m. the members of the "War Cabinet" have just begun a discussion of how they heard the news, whether they were reading official documents in bed, watching football or enjoying the sleep of the just.

In front of Tony Blair is an outline of the broadcast text drafted after the trip to the Azores. How should he begin it?

"My fellow Americans . . . " suggests senior aide Campbell.

Tony Blair does not even begin to laugh.

"What about the end?" asks the prime minister, impatiently scratching the side of his face. He is now being made up so that he can deliver the message. As soon as it is complete he will fly to Brussels and President Chirac. "I want to end with 'God bless you,'" he says.

There is a noisy team revolt in which every player appears to be complaining at once.

"That's not a good idea."

"Oh no?" says the prime minister, raising his voice.

"You're talking to lots of people who don't want chaplains pushing stuff down their throats."

"You are the most ungodly lot I have ever . . . " Tony Blair's words fade away into the makeup artist's flannel.

Outside Downing Street there is much discussion of where Tony Blair's certainty about this war comes from. Is it from the realpolitik requirement to follow an American president (the poodle principle)? From religious concepts that he and George Bush share, even if his advisers mostly do not? Or the thoughtful weighing of argument (weapons of mass

PETER STOTHARD is editor of the Times Literary Supplement *in London. Photographer* NICK DANZIGER *is the author of* Danziger's Britain: A Journey to the Edge *and* The British.

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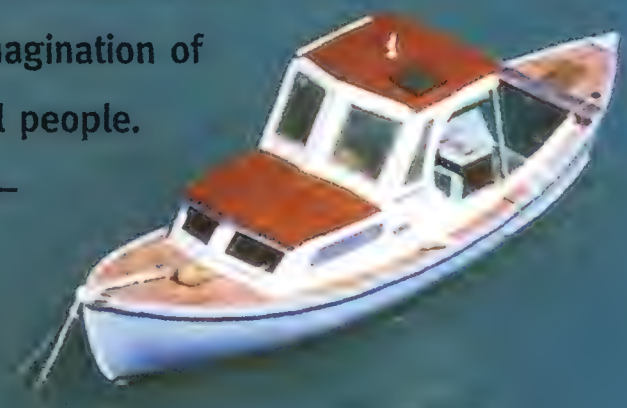

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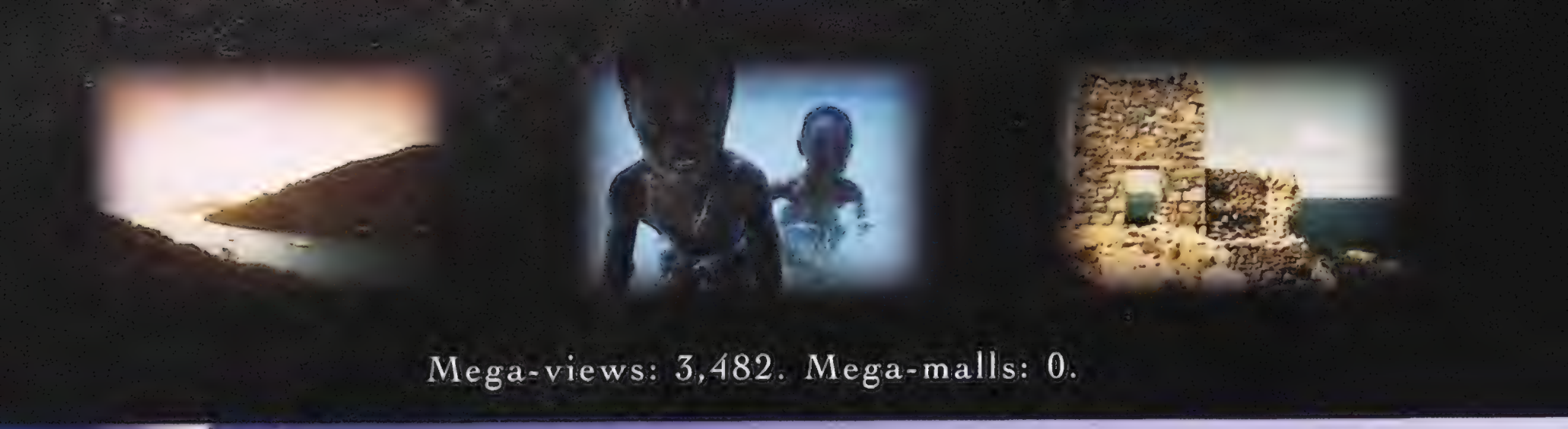

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British Virgin Islands

DREAMS OF SANCTUARY

To visit the British Virgin Islands is to leave cities and states behind and go where life does not teem with masses of hurrying people. In fact, on the tiny resort island of Guana you'll rarely find more than thirty people, most of them themselves escaping from teeming masses.

This is the dream of many – a place of idyllic charm, of waves lapping in a whisper, of breezes blowing warm, soft and pure. But those who come here understand that this dream is only loaned to them.

It belongs to the flamingos that play in the surf, to the tropical birds that cluster in the thick trees, and to the rock iguanas who lie in the sun. It belongs to the thousands of multi-colored fish and the few mottled sea turtles dancing in the water.

On Guana, the greater part of life dwells in the stunning coral reefs that surround the island, in the streams and pools and treetops which abound. The island's conservationist owners are dedicated to maintaining its natural state and restoring indigenous plant and animal species to its environment. To that end, a team of scientists visits the island yearly, working to catalog the hundreds of species that inhabit the reefs, and to uncover the new species that show up each year.

Guana is not alone in these endeavors. On the nearby island of Anegada, visitors will find flocks of graceful flamingos, reintroduced several years ago in an effort to create a burgeoning bird conservatory. On the same island, critically endangered Anegada rock iguanas have begun to flourish once again, beneficiaries of a similar rehabilitation program.

Both programs are sponsored by the British Virgin Islands National Parks Trust. Since its inception in 1961, the BVI National Parks Trust has established a number of programs to aid in the preservation and restoration of these awesome isles, including a moorings and reef protection program, a reforestation program, and increases in the amount of research and education pertaining to the island habitats.

With the help of the BVI National Parks Trust, the dream of heaven on earth comes close to being true. Imagine a landscape which acts as a haven for countless species of exotic life. Do these species thrive because the invasive cares of modern life do not dare to approach this sanctuary? Perhaps. Though we can't be certain.

What is certain, is that on the 850 acres of Guana Island, every beach is quiet and pristine. The only signs of human life on this stunning nature preserve are a few cabins, a few tennis courts, a flat dirt road and a few hiking trails.

What is certain, is that the peaceful dreams of Guana – and the rest of the British Virgin Islands – are only granted to visitors temporarily, although readily, by the birds and the fish and the crabs.

And what dreams they are.

For visiting Guana and the other 40+ BVI islands, please visit www.bvitouristboard.com or call 800-835-8530.

Hong Kong

DREAMS OF CELEBRATION AND EXCITEMENT

The moment you set foot in Hong Kong, you notice its fascinating fusion of cultures and contrasts that gives you an entire world within a single city. But it is also a landscape of celebration – celebration that

Slip into the quiet serenity of Guana Island, British Virgin Islands.

Photos: Guana Island, BVI

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constantly looks to the future, knowing that despite anything, Hong Kong will thrive, will lead the world, and will find cause to…celebrate.

Hong Kong is a city of opportunity–opportunities like those that abound during the Hong Kong WinterFest. In the weeks before Dong Zhi, the Winter Solstice Festival, the city nearly bursts with a wealth of cultural, culinary and diversionary delights. Throughout the city, among the skyscrapers and at harborside, visitors can find carnivals and entertainment, as well as countless chances for the best in dining and extraordinary holiday shopping. A shopper's dream, the city is renowned for its fine custom tailoring, elegant traditional Chinese dresses, awe-inspiring jewelry, and exotic outdoor markets.

WinterFest cumulates with the Harbor Lighting Show, which features an amazing array of synchronized lighting effects that illuminate the entire harbor, as well as some of Hong Kong's key landmarks and buildings.

Soon after WinterFest, the landscape transforms yet again, with the vibrant colors shifting to hues that denote change. The sense of inevitable change becomes almost palpable, and the buildings themselves seem to dance. Dragons fill the air along with joyous shouts of "Kung Hei Fat Choi!", which means "Prosperous New Year!" For this is the Chinese New Year, when the city of Hong Kong gives birth to living dreams….

Those dreams take the most wondrous shapes during Chinese New Year. Flower markets are swathed in all colors and scents. The harbor front is filled with a rainbow of floats. Lights and colors swirl and play, and the festivities give way to one of the most spectacular parades imaginable, the January 22nd International Chinese New Year Parade, which heralds the beginning of 4702, the Year of the Monkey. This year's parade will be especially spectacular – for the first time ever, it will be held at night. Street entertainers, marching bands, dragon and lion dancers, and performers from around the world will throng the city streets. The next day, fireworks will explode over beautiful Victoria Harbour. And then, New Year's luck is tried on one of the biggest horse racing days of the year.

This is how the international city of the future celebrates the thrills and trials of the past year, along with hope, goodwill, and inspiration for the coming year.

The dreams of Hong Kong are ambitious, indeed. Those who enter them come away inspired and refreshed by the joy of celebration and the abundance of excitement.

For more information, please visit www.DiscoverHongKong.com/usa or call 800-282-4582.

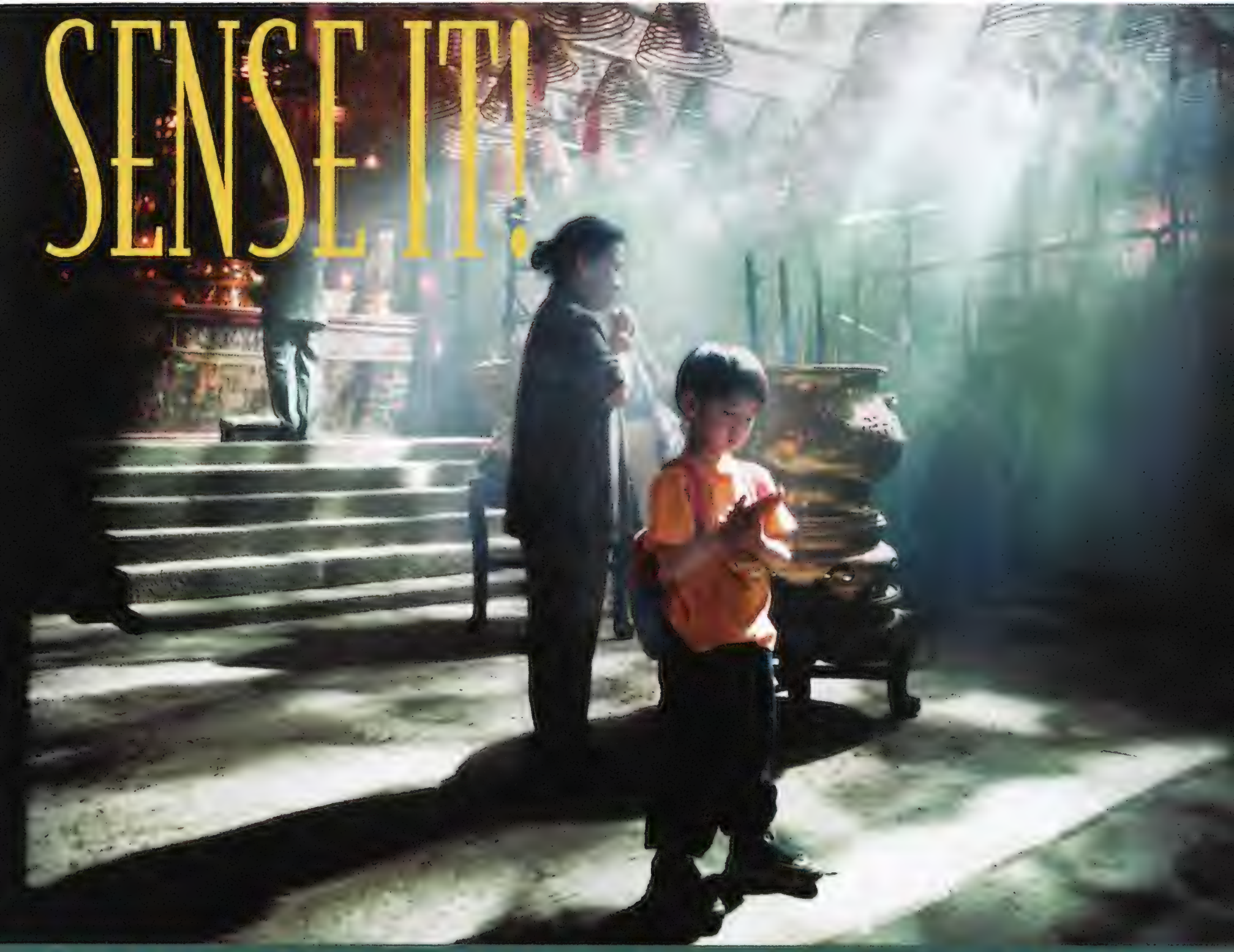
New Zealand

DREAMS OF OTHER WORLDS COME TO LIFE

The landscape of New Zealand is the landscape of other worlds.

For a brief time, the dairy farming community of Matamata was transformed into a lively town inhabited by a diminutive, jolly people called hobbits. For a time, the serene

Awaken your senses with the rich sights and sounds of Hong Kong. Photos: Hong Kong Tourism Board



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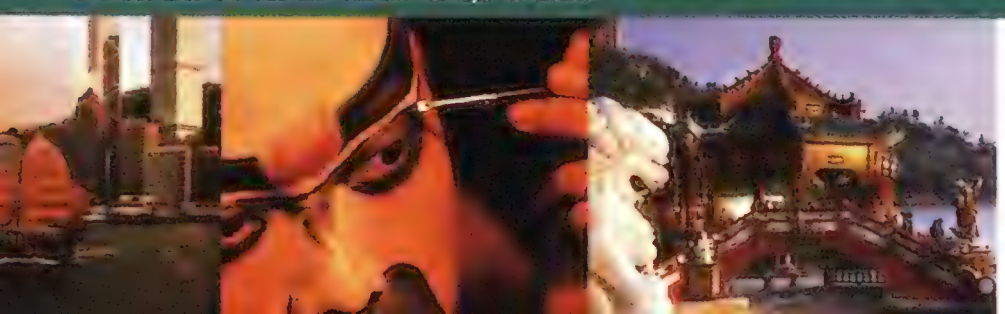

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township of Glenorchy was overrun by fierce Uruk-hai and they saw the valiant warrior Boromir fight to defend his friends from their onslaught.

When director Peter Jackson signed up to film the movie version of J.R.R. Tolkien's already legendary books *The Lord of the Rings,* he knew he had a miracle of motion picture making on his hands. For, while Hollywood blockbusters increasingly rely on digital effects and star power, Jackson knew that New Zealand's diverse and magical topography – from rolling countryside to the spectacular majesty of South Island's mountains – would capture the imaginations of millions and thrill countless jaded movie goers.

Now that the orcs and hobbits and wizards are gone, the people of Matamata and Glenorchy have returned to their day-to-day lives. Almost.

The magic of Tolkien's imagination and Jackson's vision remain, found in the very rocks of the land and the very water of New Zealand's lakes and streams. More and more moviemakers recognize the magic and power of New Zealand's otherworldly landscape. Such future hits as the already critically-acclaimed *Whale Rider* and Tom Cruise's next opus, *The Last Samurai*, are set against the backdrop of New Zealand, which, with its variety of terrain could be anywhere or any time in the world. Indeed, New Zealand has a bright filmmaking future that extends well beyond *The Lord of the Rings*.

For visitors, this raw, nearly untouched land offers a chance to encounter the same landscape as Frodo and Sam, to see the majestic trees of Lothlorien, stand on the banks of the Anduin and gaze toward the land of Mordor. Of course, those locations are called something else now, but whether you think of them as Emyn Muil or Tongariro, Lothlorien or Glenorchy, Anduin or Kaitoke, the magic, the vision and the breathtaking scenery remain the same.

Beyond sightseeing, visitors can experience incredible surfing at Lyall Bay, near the capital city of Wellington. A comparably short distance away, in the upper highlands of North Island, they will find equally exciting skiing at Whakapapa and Ohakune. They can relax like kings and queens in the historic Grand Chateau at the foot of Mount Ruapehu or discover awesome local arts and crafts in the community of Nelson.

The dreams of New Zealand are the dreams of fantasy come true. If one can imagine elves and wizards traversing this landscape, singing songs and weaving spells, then its magic must be strong. How wonderful it must be to live or visit where the air is filled with enchantment.

For more information, visit www.newzealand.com, or call toll free 866-639-9325.

Bermuda

DREAMS OF PURITY AND ACTIVITY

The island of Bermuda exudes purity. With no neon signs, limited cars and strict environmental laws, the small, idyllic island nation thrives under a semitropical sun, and its azure waters, clean air, pink-sand beaches and lily-scented breezes remain unadulterated.

Despite its air of tranquility, Bermuda bustles with activity. Its year-round warm weather means year-round opportunities for visitors to golf, play tennis, go horseback riding,

Photo: Tourism New Zealand

Photo: Tourism New Zealand

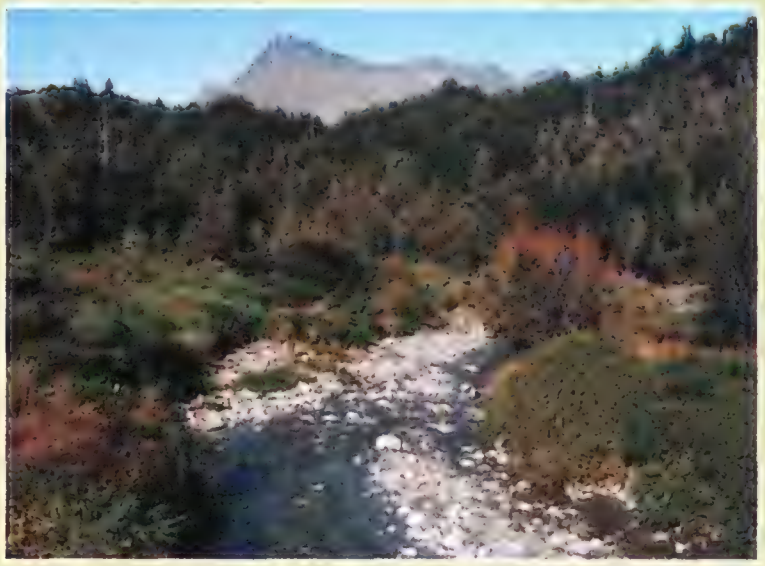
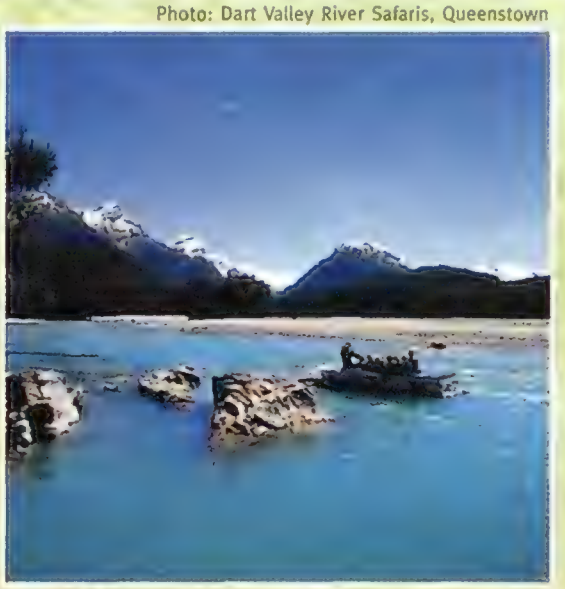


Photo: Dart Valley River Safaris, Queenstown



See for yourself why the majestic landscapes of New Zealand were used as the magical backdrop for *The Lord of the Rings.*

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Photo: Royal Air Maroc

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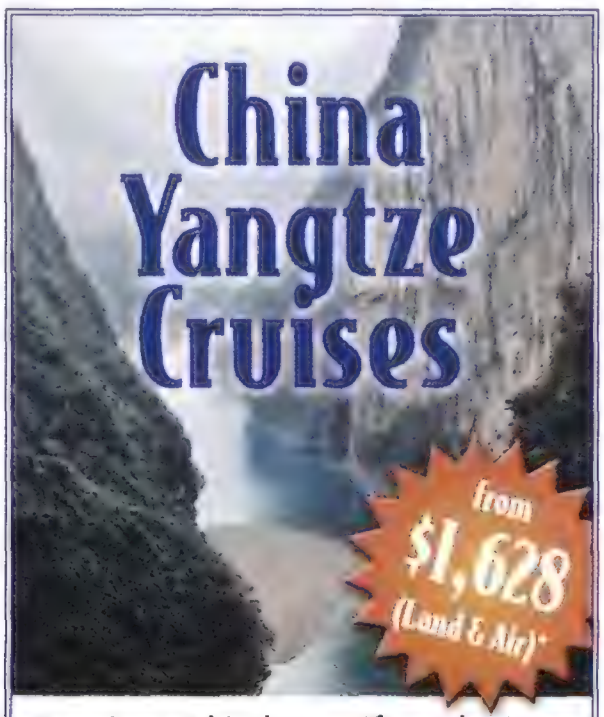

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isolation, gorgeous weather, immaculate scenery and luxurious accommodations.

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On Palm Island, a keystone in Elite's repertoire, stand 37 beachfront cottages and suites, each designed with the island setting in mind and each mere steps from panoramic nature trails, fine dining and the dream of ivory sand and peace.

For more information, visit www.eliteislandresorts.com or call 800-345-0356.

Photo: Elite Island Resort

Relax in style at Palm Island Resort in the Grenadines.

Arizona

DREAMS OF HISTORY AND WISDOM

The landscape of Arizona is one of variety and change. It features rolling deserts and towering red rocks, busy

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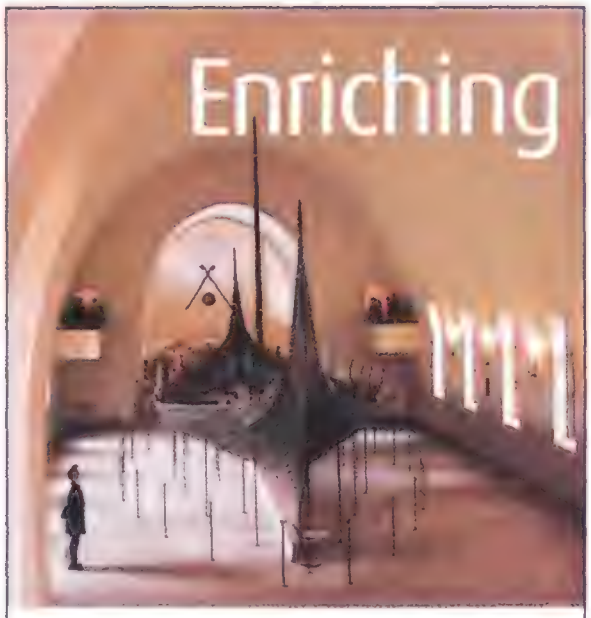

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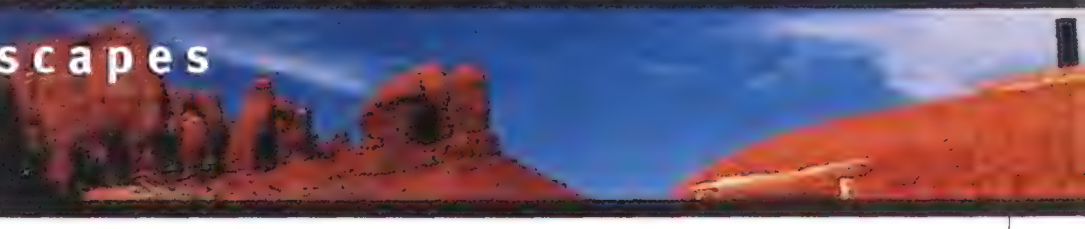

cityscapes and quiet countryside, tumbling rivers and sprawling forest. Likewise, it is a land of quiet wisdom, sometimes hidden deep in the memories of those who inhabited its past and often evident in those who inhabit its present. It is a landscape of ambition and determination, a model of education and entrepreneurship for the world to emulate.

On the east side of the state, a narrow green gorge holds the cottonwood and sycamore trees of the Arizona Folklore Preserve. In the beauty of Ramsey Canyon, Arizona's legends and songs soar up and out – beyond the towering trees to touch the hearts of all who visit.

In the south central part of the state lies "the nation's most prestigious private Native American arts center" – the Heard Museum of Phoenix, where the myriad of cultures and wealth of art among the Southwest's Native population are celebrated among spacious exhibit galleries and gorgeous outdoor courtyards.

Just north of Phoenix, one can bear witness to and imitate the ambitions and dreams of those who settled and built Arizona. The Pioneer Living History Village contains over 90 acres of a 19th-century town, with authentic buildings and accurate reproductions, including a blacksmith shop, a sheriff's office, and a complete ranch complex.

In the north central part of the state, the Arboretum in Flagstaff houses a 200-acre botanical garden, a research station and an environmental education center all nestled within the world's largest ponderosa pine forest.

In Prescott, near the center of the state lies Sharlot Hall, named for the farsighted pioneer from the turn of the last century who saw the need to preserve the stories of the state's early settlers by collecting their erstwhile possessions – material testaments to the tenacity of the pioneer spirit.

Near the Hoover Dam on the western side of the state is the Mohave

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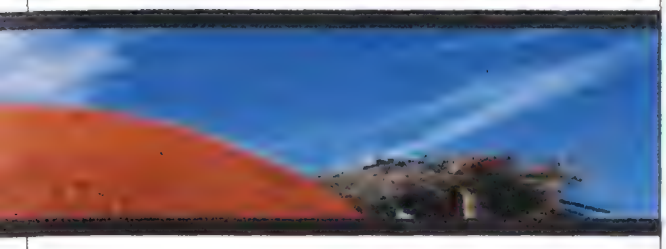

Museum of History and Arts, which exhibits the centuries-old way of life of the local Hualapai and Mohave tribes. Hopi Kachina dolls, Native American basketry, pottery, vintage clothing and other crafts tell the story of Northwest Arizona. Outdoor displays of wagons, mining equipment, farm machinery and a 19th-century Santa Fe Railway caboose allow the visitors of today to walk among the dreams and landscapes of the past.

Imagine all this – plus the jagged northern landscape of the Grand Canyon, the mystical cliff dwellings of Canyon De Shelly, and the one-time boomtown of Tucson, which booms resoundingly yet again.

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William Kenyon is a poet, teacher, freelance writer, and PR specialist based in Atlanta.

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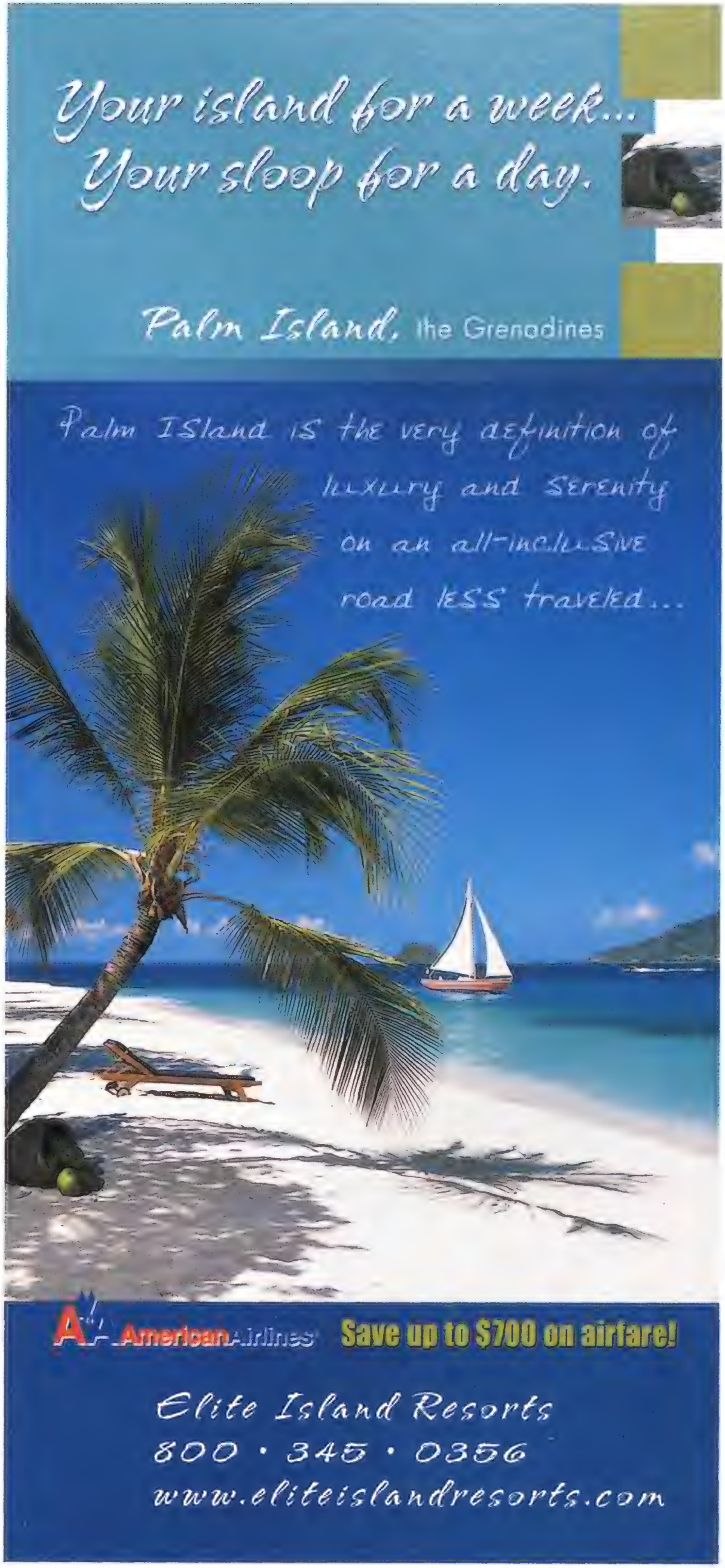

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REPORTERS ARE SAYING THAT "SHOCK AND AWE" IS A SHOW FOR THE MEDIA, A FORM OF THEATER IN WHICH REAL PEOPLE GET HURT.

destruction held by dictators of mass destruction versus the unavoidable bombing of children)?

The answer, if there can yet be an answer, is "all of the above."

Advisors will only say that the prime minister is less patient than before, less ready to make time for the consensual approach, more confident, more ready to take some risks before he moves on. He believes that Bill Clinton's error, which went far beyond the absurdities of the Monica Lewinsky affair, was to shy away from his big domestic and overseas ambitions, not least a tougher pursuit of Osama bin Laden.

For everyone on Tony Blair's team, an explanation for his certainty is much less important than the certainty itself. The prime minister regularly takes small pieces of advice: the broadcast to the nation ends not with God but on a lame "Thank you." But knowledge that the boss is not going to change his mind on the big issue provides the concrete on which everything else is built.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21

Morning headlines: *Ground attack begins . . . Baghdad bombed for second night . . . Two U.S. marines killed in action . . .*

NEWS OF THE FIRST DEAD BRITONS comes while the prime minister is asleep in Brussels. There has been a helicopter crash in Kuwait. Tony Blair comes down to breakfast looking troubled. The blackest rings around the prime minister's eyes have gone, but he is very pale.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22

Morning headlines: *"Shock and Awe" over Baghdad . . . Chirac attacks "illegal" assault . . . U.S. 3rd Infantry overcomes Iraqi defenders at Nasiriya . . .*

TODAY THERE IS TO BE the biggest protest in London since the war began. Politicians may find it harder to criticize Tony Blair when British forces are fighting, but tens of thousands of voters feel under no such constraint. The cries of "Not in my name" have begun well before breakfast.

Every morning there is an argument about how much intelligence information to divulge. What are the risks? What are the benefits? Today the cabinet's worries about the effect of "Shock and Awe" on British opinion outweigh the natural caution of the security services.

Foreign Secretary Jack Straw still thinks that the TV message from Baghdad is a problem. Reporters are saying that "Shock and Awe" is a deadly show for the media, a form of aerial theater, like the worst pornography, in which real people get hurt. The bombing may be precise, but to noisy doubters in the street—fewer but angrier than a month ago—and to one or two quiet doubters in Downing Street, it does not look very precise.

SUNDAY, MARCH 23

Morning headlines: *U.S. Patriot missile brings down British Tornado, killing two . . . British journalist feared dead in American advance . . . Basra close to surrender . . .*

TONY BLAIR HAS BEEN IN THE COUNTRY. He returns cheerfully, in jeans and open-necked blue shirt, his face colored by safely sitting outside where the only mooing and moaning is from farm animals. His mood does not stay light for long.

"Anyone watching TV would think we'd lost already," says an angry voice in the outer office. "There's nothing but Americans killing Brits, Brits killing Brits, Americans being captured, even a dead reporter."

"We have helicopters that can't stay in the sky and missiles that don't know whose side they're on. Isn't there any good news?"

As Tony Blair goes upstairs to change into an interview suit, the face of George Bush in the White House Rose Garden is on the flat-screen TV. The president is predicting "a tough time ahead."

The camera crew is ready. The prime minister arrives, and the business is swiftly done. The cause for which men have died, he says, is of "vital importance for the world," and that is forcefully said.

Afterward, he talks quietly of how "this is always the worst time, when the fighting has begun and the end is not near, or even known." He might be a veteran of a hundred wars. He is right about this war, he says. Then he goes upstairs to see his wife and children.

MONDAY, MARCH 24

Morning headlines: *American and British troops face fierce resistance in southern Iraq . . . Advance continues on Baghdad . . . Iraqi TV shows four dead U.S. soldiers and five prisoners . . .*

IN IRAQ, according to words supplied by the Ministry of Defense, the southern oil fields are out of Saddam Hussein's control, there are only "pockets of resistance" in Umm Qasr, and Basra cannot any longer be used as an Iraqi base. After four days of conflict, a "crucial moment" is approaching.

In his room high in Westminster, Tony Blair adds his own final rhetorical flourish: "That we will encounter more difficulties and anxious moments in the days ahead is certain. But no less certain, indeed more so, is coalition victory."

He pauses. His generals are still doing better against their opponents in the desert than he himself is doing against his opponents here. The war is still unpopular. "We have 40 percent of the sand," said the chief of the Defense staff this morning, and for once seemed quite pleased. Forty percent political support would be welcome too.

THE PRESIDENT IS MORE ARTICULATE THAN HE IS OFTEN HELD TO BE. HE TALKS SOFTLY, IN SNATCHES, LIKE A NIGHTCLUB SINGER.

TUESDAY, MARCH 25

Morning headlines: *American forces attack Republican Guard positions sixty miles from Baghdad . . . Protests rise at humanitarian "horror". . .*

TONY BLAIR TRIES TO MOVE his mind away from grim thoughts of bombed city streets, reminding himself that there were desperate shortages before war began. He asks about what is happening outside the cities in what he calls Iraq's "agrarian areas."

"They're just doing what they always do," says Chief of Staff Jonathan Powell unhelpfully, evoking images of donkeys and dry fields of weeds.

"We have got to get out the humanitarian stuff, the U.N. stuff," says Campbell (who would resign in August amid controversy over the handling of British intelligence about Iraq). "We are going to Camp David tomorrow, but we are also going to Kofi Annan in New York."

With the mention of the United Nations Secretary General, the air lightens. The name has been appropriated as a verb, an adjective, an adverb, as well as a noun. Labor M.P.s like "a Kofi plan." "We'd better Kofi this" means to cover with a good coat of humanitarian waffle. "Let's speak Kofi" is what the mood in London demands.George Bush is not a Kofi-phile. The less the White House has to Kofi, the better it likes it.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26

Morning headlines: *U.S. forces closer to Baghdad . . . Shia "uprising" reported in Basra . . . Two soldiers killed when one British tank fires on another. . . Germans say Washington should pay bill to rebuild Iraq . . .*

"WE'VE BEEN HIT," says a voice from the business class seats.

"Bloody hell. Is it a Scud, or what?"

It is 9:45 p.m. London time. Most members of the Blair team are dozing. Still ahead is a helicopter ride to the Catoctin Mountains and a home-style dinner with the president and first lady at Camp David.

The sides of the aircraft shake like a tin tray struck by a stone. Then nothing more is heard but a tense string of jokes about Patriots and friendly fire. After about a minute the captain comes on the intercom and confirms that the prime minister's plane has been struck by lightning.

At 10:15 p.m. London time, the 777 lands amid the featureless suburban landscape of Andrews Air Force Base. The Americans' first view is of the cleverest men in the British government without a single raincoat between them muttering nervous words about having "only one suit" while rain lashes in horizontal lines over the tarmac. Three military helicopters designated to take the team to Camp David are several hundred yards away.

Eventually, within a wall of umbrellas, the team reaches a bus.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27

Morning headlines: *Iraq claims 14 civilians killed in Baghdad bombing . . . Tony Blair to meet George Bush at Camp David and Kofi Annan in New York . . .*

THE PRIME MINISTER'S CABIN is Dogwood, the flower of fidelity. For a man known to his enemies as President Bush's poodle, this seems a little tactless.

The site of the "press availability" is a tractor barn for Marines. George Bush and Tony Blair are standing in front of a dark-green velvet curtain. Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice sit in the second row. Powell looks as though he is on holiday, Rice as though she were waiting for exam results. President Bush takes measured steps over the thin gray carpet and begins to speak. Tony Blair follows smartly behind.

Loyalty, the president makes clear, is something he prizes. "Americans have learned a lot about Tony Blair over the past weeks," he says. "We've learned that he is a man of his word. We've learned that he is a man of courage, that he's a man of vision, and we're proud to have him as a friend." Tony Blair ought to be used to high praise by now, but this is plainly tough going.

The president is more articulate than he is often held to be, but he is not an orator. He talks softly, in snatches, like a nightclub singer, calling out the shared times together of Britons and Americans against Nazis and Cold War foes, their shared determination to "loosen the grip of terror around the throats of the Iraqi people."

The prime minister gives the more formal piano accompaniment, filling in the gaps and the facts, and flourishing, on his own account, the lines about depravity and executions. He speaks more slowly than usual, matching the president's beat.

The response is mixed. To some, these are the empty words of two men far out on a plank together, tightly bound by the need for success, suddenly aware of the potential for desert disaster. But on others, the effect is very different.

Tony Blair seems almost mesmerized by the president's song, just as at times George Bush is said to have been wowed by his ally's wordplay.

When the prime minister is asked how he knows the new deaths are executions, he says: "The reason I used the language I did was because of the circumstance that we know." That is the rhetorical nadir. When asked by the same reporter why there are so few allies alongside Britain and America, he sweeps up into a great finale of the duty to future generations as well as of the need, "when it is all over, to go back and ask why this has happened."

"Because you two are both crazy," says a last voice from the left side. The men leaving the podium do not hear.

Tony Blair wants the minimum possible gap between his own view and the president's view. That is what this coming

"Sunday, March 23, has brought bad news. 'There's nothing but Americans killing Brits, Brits killing Brits, Americans being captured, even a dead reporter.' says Blair. 'We have helicopters that can't stay in the sky and missiles that don't know whose side they're on.'"

walk is all about. Time alone with the president to ask difficult questions and to judge genuine determination is the most important part of the trip. So, while others may be winding down, the prime minister is winding up.

When George Bush returns, he is in blue tracksuit and jogging shoes, as though for a power walk, not a stroll in the hills. The two set off along the path, alone except for a security buggy with a faulty horn. *Peep-peep, Peep-peep* sounds the escort in perpetual distracting cry, as they map out the next steps for their nervous audience around the camp and around the world.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29

Morning headlines: *U.S. forces ready for assault on Baghdad . . . Bomb falls on crowded market . . . Tony Blair appeals to Iraqis' sense of history and national identity . . .*

IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE the theorists and the planners are turning their minds to the more distant diplomatic future. They assume now that Saddam Hussein is already "history" in the American sense, as good as dead.

MONDAY, MARCH 31

Morning headlines: *Iraq threatens new suicide bomber attacks . . . British soldier killed near Basra . . . Protests rise at civilian casualties . . .*

THE WAR CABINET begins at 9 a.m. The TV pictures in the outer office are of distressed civilians and dead allied soldiers.

TUESDAY, APRIL 1

Morning headlines: *Washington repeats warning to Syria and Iran . . . Seven Iraqi women and children in car fired on and killed by U.S. troops . . .*

THIS MORNING the prime minister speaks to his worried colleagues. He describes the "three phases" of the war, as he sees them. The first, securing the strategic assets of the country, has been achieved. The second, the steady advance on Baghdad, is going on. The third, regime change, is still to come. His two civil servant spokesmen, one tall, one short, look at each other and nod. The short one comes out of the room first and says to the first person he meets, "Steady advance." Steady advance is the story of the day.

CONDOLEEZZA RICE DOES NOT LOOK HAPPY. SOMEONE BEHIND HER SAYS, "VITAL ROLE, FINE. BUT DID HE HAVE TO SAY IT *EIGHT* TIMES?"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2

Morning headlines: *U.S. begins full assault on Republican Guard outside Baghdad . . . Investigation launched into U.S. shootings of civilians . . . Jack Straw calls for U.N. conference on post-war Iraq . . .*

LIFE HAS RETURNED TO ROUTINE. I stop and ask Tony Blair the question the visitor this morning from beyond the war wanted to ask. What does he feel himself about the deaths of children that are the direct result of his own decision?

The prime minister looks up at me from his seat. "It does really get to you," he says, looking at me directly as though challenging me to disagree.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4

Morning headlines: *U.S. forces take Baghdad airport . . . Iraqi Shia leader calls for civilians not to oppose British and American troops . . . U.S. and Europe divided over future control . . .*

MOST OF THE NEWS is still good. Finding a secret cache of chemical weapons would be perfect. But perfection has to wait.

"Thanks for coming," says Blair. A frail man sitting opposite immediately begins his account of seven years in Iraqi jails, six hours of "hanger" torture each day for 11 months, life in packed cells where the only sleep was standing up, routines of captivity broken only by the occasional day when Saddam Hussein paid a personal visit and cut off the air supply for a while so that the survivors knew he had been there.

Tony Blair takes a deep breath. A larger man is in the seat closest to him. He is a doctor, and shows the scars around his wrists with the diffidence of a man more used to being shown others' scars. He says he spent just three years in cells being hung from the ceilings and beaten, alongside other prisoners, in a kind of punishment show that their families were forced to watch.

Tony Blair touches the doctor's wrists. It is not a comfortable gesture. But words are not easy either, not words beyond his promise that Saddam's regime has gone, that it should have been removed in 1991, that he is sorry and the same mistake will not be made again.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5

Morning headlines: *Baghdad surrounded . . . Saddam shown "defiant" on TV . . . Tony Blair and George Bush to meet in Belfast next week . . . Pressure grows to find banned weapons in Iraq . . .*

WHERE ARE ALL the chemical and biological weapons? That is the persistent question from French and Germans and Canadians and many others, all tired already of being portrayed as shirkers from a successful war. The prime minister says that he is sure the illegal weapons are there.

SUNDAY, APRIL 6

Morning headlines: *Red Cross reports Baghdad hospitals overwhelmed . . . British hold center of Basra . . . Hopes for Northern Ireland peace breakthrough at Belfast summit . . .*

TONY BLAIR AND GEORGE BUSH still seem an unlikely couple. One is from the Texan right; the other is from the British left. One believes in low taxes and has little confidence in making people richer or better with public money. The other is prepared to tax more if he can make the public benefits greater.

Tony Blair has thought of many ways in which he and the president have formed the same outlook on the world. He talks of their shared late entry into politics, their experience of life beyond public office, their instinctive, creative, practical approaches.

Those who have been working in these fields for longer than either man, remember how close Winston Churchill thought he was to Roosevelt, how powerful was his belief in the "personal interchanges" that brought their "perfect understanding."

That was a partnership across the Atlantic on which the fate of Britain and America hung. Hitler was a clear, present and huge danger. That was a test of history that few have since doubted. But a shared approach to Nazi Germany, instinctive, practical, creative at the time, did not bring the understanding in other areas that Churchill wanted to see.

Roosevelt believed fundamentally in better public provision, higher state spending. He also wanted to clear British power from the globe. Churchill believed in none of those things.

Tony Blair, who welcomes George Bush to the UK tomorrow, is unshaken by the pessimism of historians. He does not use the word "friend" as freely as the president does. Partly that is because of his own more cautious character. Partly it is the British characteristic to avoid language that may sound insincere. Partly, maybe most importantly, it is the wish to avoid seeming to crave friendship from the world's most powerful man.

His instinct is still to trust George Bush until he has reason to do otherwise.

MONDAY, APRIL 7

Morning headlines: *Baghdad airport clear for U.S. planes to land . . . British troops secure center of Basra . . .*

AFTER A ONE-MINUTE WARNING for the "honor party," the presidential car arrives outside. It is as big and solid as a car can be without being designated an Armored Personnel Carrier.

The prime minister, a slim black line framed in the castle doorway, asks if his guest has had a good journey. "Yes," says the president. "I go to sleep, wake up, and here I am in Merry Old Ireland."

There is a mild *frisson* among the home side. "Merry Old Ireland" suggests that President Bush may think he is somewhere else. Northern Ireland is not normally known as "merry."

"Tony Blair seems almost mesmerized by the president's song, just as at times George Bush [with him at Camp David] is said to have been wowed by his ally's wordplay. Tony Blair wants the minimum possible gap between his own view and the president's view."

Tony Blair suggests a walk around the gravel path. He is keen to put his case that the United Nations role in Iraq should not be described tomorrow as merely "important," which is the current agreement, but as something stronger—"of vital importance," perhaps in order to keep the wheels of diplomacy in motion.

Neither man takes a coat into the cold night air. Coats do not suggest confident leadership.

TUESDAY, APRIL 8

Morning headlines: *U.S. forces occupy Saddam Hussein's palaces . . . Belfast summit on postwar Iraq . . . Financial markets rise as end of war seems near . . .*

THE PRESS CONFERENCE is over, and the British team is delighted with what Bush has said and how he has said it on the United Nations, on Ireland and on the Middle East.

Tony Blair gives his foreign secretary one of the now familiar "looks." "Great press conference," he adds himself as the president turns to talk to his national security adviser.

Condoleezza Rice does not look so happy. Someone behind her says, "Vital role. Fine. But did he need to say it eight times?"

Rice begins gently to suggest to her boss that some of their colleagues back in Washington might not be so pleased. When she becomes more vigorous, the president leads her away from the crowd towards the garden, where he can be ear-whacked more discreetly. He looks at first concerned, then a bit frosty.

"Ease it, Condie, ease it," says the president.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9

Morning headlines: *Summit promises "vital role" for U.N. . . . U.S. "decapitation" raid on Saddam Hussein . . . three journalists killed by U.S. fire . . .*

THE PRIME MINISTER and the president have made a strong start together. They have surprised both their enemies and their friends. They have removed a vicious and dangerous dictator. That much is sure.

Was what they did the right thing? Tony Blair has asked for the judgment of history on that. He will get it. Since he is only 50, he will probably live to get even history's fourth or fifth drafts. When the balance of good and bad outcomes can be properly seen, when all the participants have spoken, he will get his judgment. ○

In an unexplored region of Africa's Atlantic coast,
an innovative photographer captures Gabon's bountiful wildlife

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLTON WARD JR.

TEXT BY LAURA TANGLEY

PORTRAITS IN THE WILD

THERE IS A SPECIAL PLACE IN AFRICA where elephants, chimps and forest buffalo walk on white sand beaches and hippos swim in the sea.

But that's not all that's remarkable about this stretch of Gabon's coast. As the last undeveloped slice of Atlantic coastal plain bordering the continent's vast equatorial rain forests, the region, known as the Gamba Complex, is a biologically rich mosaic of forests, savannas, lagoons, lakes and beaches that, until recently, was virtually unknown to science. Says Francisco Dallmeier, a biologist with the National Zoo's Monitoring and Assessment of Biodiversity Program, "The Gamba Complex is unique in the world."

Since 2001, scientists have worked to find and identify every species living in Gabon's Gamba Complex, a biologically diverse 4,247-square-mile region where rain forests meet the ocean. Their quarries range from large (African forest buffalo, above) to small (a six-inch flap-necked chameleon, opposite).

Of 66 mammal species biologists have found, half are small creatures such as bats, mice (African smoky mouse, above) and shrews. Reptiles are even more varied; researchers have found 84 species, the highest number ever recorded for a single region of Gabon. Photographer Carlton Ward "posed" the snakes (opposite, the nonpoisonous *Dipsadoboa underwoodi*) by providing a stick for them to wrap around or dangle from. Belgian herpetologist Olivier Pauwels told Ward that, thanks to such photographs, he saw snakes as beautiful for the first time in the 20 years he has studied them.

Dallmeier, 50, leading an international team of 46 scientists from the Smithsonian and other research institutions, has been working since 2001 to identify every plant and animal species that inhabits this 4,247-square-mile region—from leopards, gorillas and giant canopy trees to frogs, beetles and orchids. Herpetologists, for example, have discovered in the Gamba Complex as many types of reptiles and amphibians—159 species—as had previously been found in the entire 107,066-square-mile country. Fish experts, the first ever to survey the area, have found 70 different kinds of freshwater fish, more than were recorded in a similar study of an area five times bigger in the Republic of the Congo. In a single week at just one 16-square-mile site within the Gamba Complex, botanists found some 140 tree species, at least 3 of which grow nowhere else in the world but Gabon.

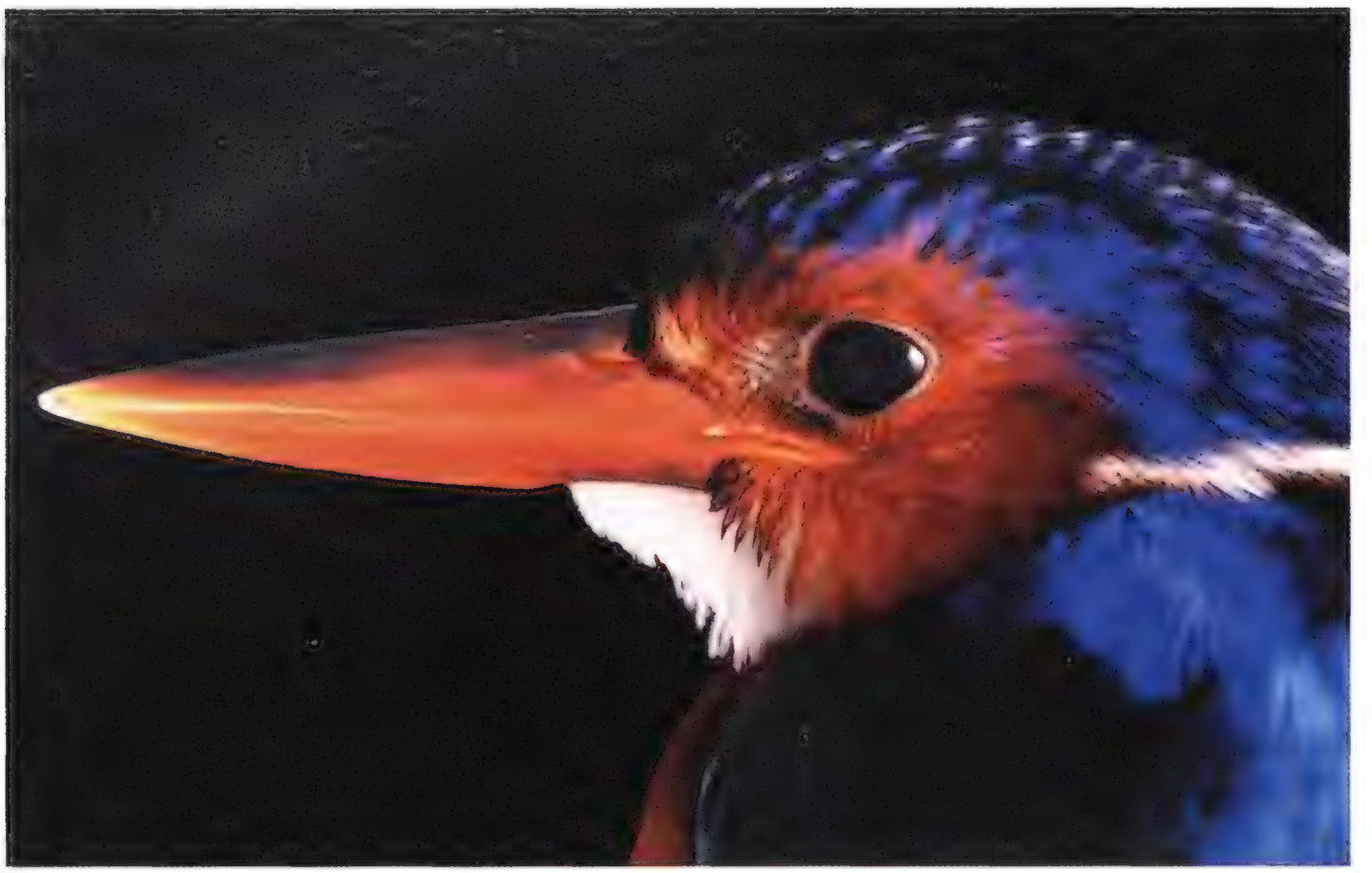
To present this extraordinary biodiversity in a creative new way, Dallmeier enlisted Florida-based photographer Carlton Ward, who spent a total of seven months accompanying the researchers on six expeditions to Gabon. Working alongside the scientists from before dawn to way past dusk, he took some 10,000 photographs of nearly 400 different species of plants and animals.

Ward's compelling images are far from the workmanlike shots of dead specimens that typically appear in scientific papers and textbooks. To photograph birds, he created a 10 foot by 4 foot by 4 foot enclosure of white nylon, complete with perch; for all other creatures the scientists brought in, he rigged up a

The Edge of Africa, with photographs by CARLTON WARD JR. and text by Michelle Lee, is available this fall from Hylas/Smithsonian. LAURA TANGLEY is a senior editor at National Wildlife *magazine.*

MIKE RIGGS

To photograph fish (above, *Aphyosemion australe*), Ward placed them in an aquarium between narrowly spaced panes of glass, which limited their movement and made focusing easier. He then attached black velvet to the front and back of the aquarium to prevent reflections—leaving an opening for his camera—and lit the tank from the sides and above. Terrestrial creatures (a forest crab in a defensive pose, top) were not so easily confined. Frogs were among the more challenging subjects (opposite, representatives of 8 of the 73 species that scientists found in the region), deservedly famous for their ability to jump. While Ward manned his camera, the researchers corralled the amphibians and recaptured them if they leapt. Says Ward: "It was like a dance between me and the herpetologist," with both partners on edge, particularly if the critter was the only specimen of an animal not yet identified. One frog (a *Hyperolius kuligae* or Kivu reed, opposite, bottom right) had not before been seen in Gabon. Biologists believe they have found at least five previously unknown species of frogs.



Project ornithologists carried tape recorders as well as binoculars to identify birds in the dense forest. Some of the most recognizable calls came from parrots (African gray parrots, opposite) and kingfishers (white-bellied kingfisher, above), two of 455 kinds of birds found in the Gamba Complex. Ward used "lots of patience and encouragement," he says, to get his avian subjects to pose in the right place.

tabletop "studio" inside a tent. Ward lit the scenes with strobe lights and posed the animals in front of black velvet to, as he says, "draw attention to the animals themselves."

If this sounds straightforward, it wasn't. The relentless rain occasionally washed away a studio, and because of the extreme humidity, Ward had to pack his equipment each night in airtight boxes with moisture-absorbing silica. And his subjects were hardly cooperative: "The frogs were bouncing from one place to another, including my camera lens and face," he says. "The lizards ran lightning fast, and the mice could jump four feet in the air—plus they bite." To provide images that scientists can use for description and classification, he took several photographs of each specimen. Next, he connected his digital camera to a laptop computer and showed the images to the biologists, which allowed them to adjust the subject's pose—turning a snake, for instance, to show more of its underside so a key set of scales could be counted.

Yet Ward, 27, who is completing a master's degree in ecology, wants his photographs to have value beyond science. "By capturing the essence of a life-form," he says, "I'm hoping to motivate people to conserve it and its habitat before it's too late."

Luckily, it is not too late. Thanks to the country's relative wealth and low human population—1.2 million people—Gabon still has more than 70 percent of its forest cover. In the Gamba Complex, the oil industry (which has operated here for more than 40 years) has helped protect the region's species and habitats by keeping out hunters and loggers, says Dallmeier. (The Shell Foundation and Shell Gabon are supporting the five-year, $4 million project.) And, he adds, "there's a real conservation momentum in Gabon today." Last year, for example, President El Hadj Omar Bongo, 67, set aside 10 percent of the country's land area in 13 new national parks.

But Gamba's oil supplies, the source of about half the nation's wealth, are beginning to dry up. To maintain the country's comfortable standard of living—one of the highest in sub-Saharan Africa—government leaders may feel pressure to open up the region's forests to commercial loggers, who already operate nearby. Dallmeier hopes the project can rally support for conserving the Gamba Complex.

That, in fact, may be the most vital reason Dallmeier asked Ward to come aboard. "Scientific reports cannot convey the beauty and complexity of a place," he says. "These images can." ○

STANLEY MEETS LIVINGSTONE

The American journalist's harrowing 1871 quest to find England's most celebrated explorer is also a story of newfound fascination with Africa, the growing power of newspapers and the United States' emergence as a world power

BY MARTIN DUGARD

As America rebuilt following the Civil War, a rift developed with her old nemesis, Great Britain. Superpower Britain and the ascendant United States were at loggerheads over such issues as the sinking of the British-built warship *Alabama*, British claims of worldwide naval supremacy, Newfoundland fishing rights and U.S. designs on making Canada part of the Union.

In October 1869, James Gordon Bennett Jr., the vehemently anti-British, hard-drinking 28-year-old editor of the New York *Herald*, saw this tension as a means to boost the paper's already astronomical circulation of 60,000 copies a day. Specifically, he hoped to exploit the fame and mystery surrounding British explorer Dr. David Livingstone, who had been missing in Africa for four years. Although Livingstone's achievements charting the unknown African continent had galvanized Britain, his government had been apathetic about rescuing him. Bennett decided Americans would do what the British would not. From a hotel room in Paris, he ordered Henry Morton Stanley, a newcomer to the *Herald*, to lead an expedition into the African wilderness to find the explorer, or "bring back all possible proofs of his being dead." What Bennett did not know was that this brash cigar-smoking 28-year-old reporter—who had fought for both the blue and the gray in the Civil War—was as British as Livingstone.

Nyangwe, Congo, May 27, 1871—David Livingstone rested in the bustling marketplace in Nyangwe, a village on the shore of the Lualaba River, on the western flank of today's Democratic Republic of the Congo. Roughly a thousand miles to the west was the Atlantic Ocean; a thousand miles to the east, the Indian. Yet Livingstone was quite content being, so far as he knew, the only white man within that span. He was familiar with the local dialects, an admirer of the women and satisfied with the food, and he had developed a passion for observing the activity of the village market. In his journal he wrote that he was

Henry Morton Stanley's heart beat furiously as he spoke the most dignified words that came to mind: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" David Livingstone (raising cap, right) answered, simply, "Yes." The question changed exploration history forever.

not bothered by the residents' propensity for cannibalism. For, of all the gifts Livingstone possessed—perseverance, faith and fearlessness among them—the most remarkable was his ability to insinuate himself into African cultures.

Livingstone was in Africa to find the source of the Nile River. Explorers had looked for it since Herodotus attempted a search around 460 B.C., but as centuries passed and failures mounted, the quest took on an almost mythical heft. "It is not given to us mortals," 18th-century French author Montesquieu wrote, "to see the Nile feeble and at its source."

During the 19th century, as the African interior was slowly charted, the search intensified. Most of the explorers—loners, thrill seekers and adventurous aristocrats—were British, and many of them died from disease, animal attack or murder. With every failed attempt, Montesquieu's words rang more true. (In fact, satellite images and aerial photographs would show that the Nile bubbles from the ground in the mountains of Burundi, between lakes Tanganyika and Victoria.) Finally, in the waning days of 1864, Sir Roderick Murchison, head of Britain's Royal Geographical Society and the driving force behind countless global expeditions, beseeched his old friend Livingstone to find the source.

MARTIN DUGARD is the author of Into Africa: The Epic Adventures of Stanley and Livingstone, *which was published in May by Doubleday.*

Murchison traveled north from London to Newstead Abbey, the former estate of Lord Byron, where Livingstone was staying with friends. At a time when explorers enjoyed the fame of modern-day rock stars, none was better known than the 51-year-old Livingstone—a recent widower with four children—with his stutter, crooked left arm, and walrus mustache. Since his first trip to Africa in 1841, he had walked across the Kalahari Desert, traced the path of the 2,200-mile-long Zambezi River and, in the 1854-56 journey that made him famous, ambled from one side of Africa to the other. The former missionary's renown was so great that he was mobbed by fans on the streets of London.

Livingstone had used his fame to preach for the abolition of the slave trade that was decimating the African people. Slavers from Persia, Arabia and Oman—whom Livingstone referred to collectively as "Arabs"—were penetrating deeper into the continent to capture men, women and children for sale in the markets of Zanzibar. Often, African tribes even raided other tribes and sold captives to the Arabs in exchange for firearms.

Despite Livingstone's reputation, his finances had been ravaged by a failed expedition up the Zambezi between 1858 and 1863. He needed one last great adventure, and the revenue from the bestselling book that was sure to follow, before retiring. So when Murchison asked his old friend to search for the source of the Nile, Livingstone agreed. He had

Livingstone was Africa's explorer extraordinaire, whose travels into the continent's uncharted wilderness made him a legend. But when he disappeared for four years, it was left to Stanley, a New York *Herald* reporter, to march some 900 miles in 221 days to find him.

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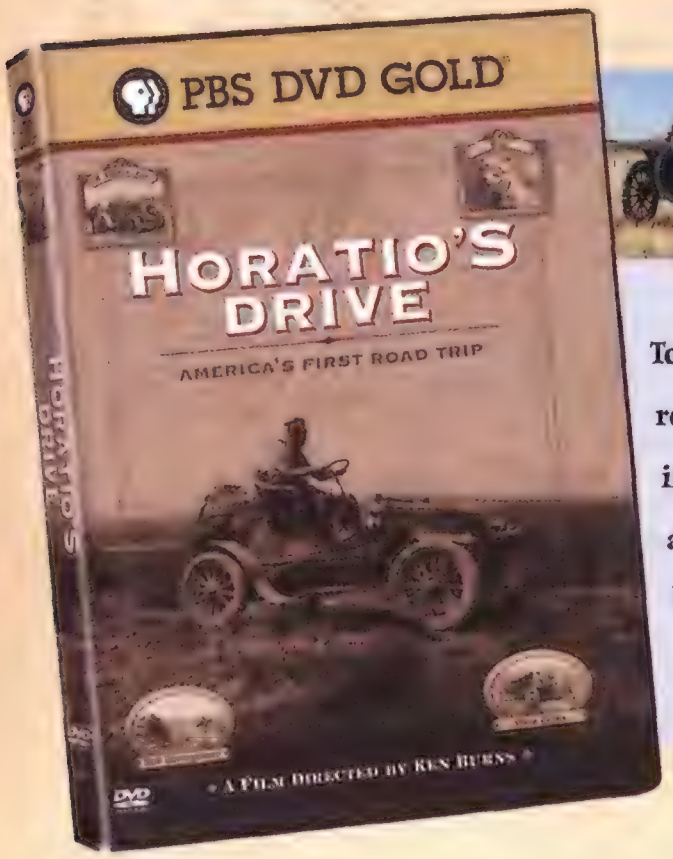

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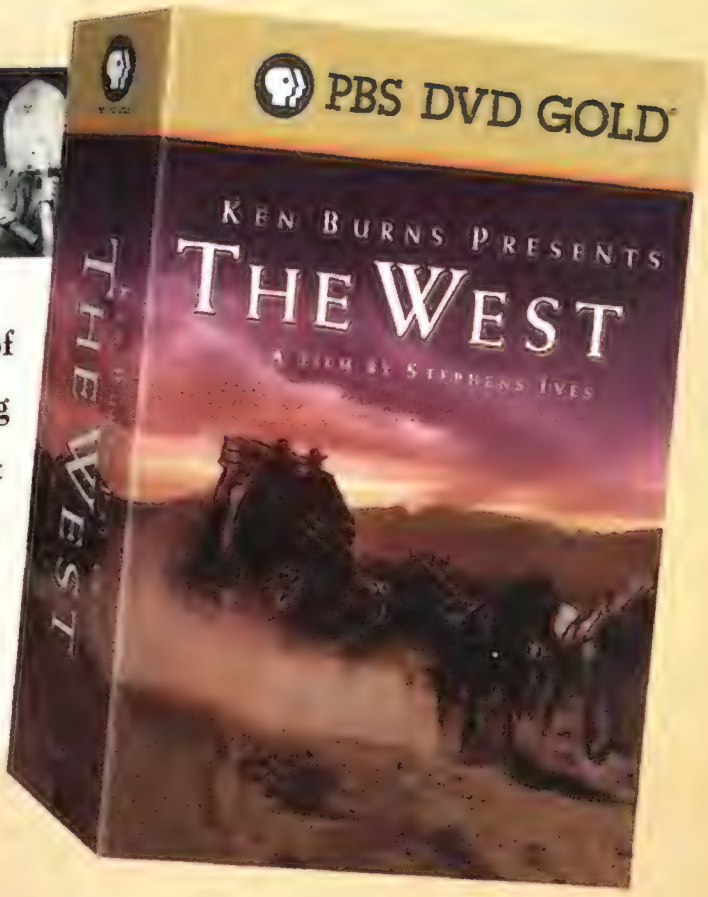

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PBS HOME VIDEO

James Gordon Bennett Jr. (below), editor of the New York *Herald*, commissioned Stanley (above left, in 1871) to lead an expedition to find Livingstone (above right, with daughter Anna, c. 1860s) to boost his newspaper's circulation and to one-up the British press.

left England in August 1865, planning to return in two years.

Now, six years later, Livingstone sat on the banks of the Lualaba watching thousands of residents of Nyangwe mingle among Arab slave traders in the village market. He had been plagued by one setback after another: anemia, dysentery, bone-eating bacteria, the loss of his teeth, thieving porters and, finally, worst of all, outright poverty—so much so that he now depended upon the Arabs for his food and shelter. That benevolence came with a price. Aware of the increasing worldwide opposition to their trade, the Arabs refused to allow Livingstone to send letters home by their caravans for fear he would spread word of their deeper encroachment. Even so, Livingstone was now enjoying a reprieve. A diet of porridge, butter and rice had fattened him. All seemed well.

Tabora, Tanganyika (today's Tanzania), June 23, 1871—In the three months since Stanley had left the east coast of Africa to find Livingstone, he had battled malaria, starvation and dysentery, losing 40 pounds. The expedition had suffered floods, famine, pestilence and drought. Of two white companions who had begun the journey with him, one had died from elephantiasis and the other had fired a pistol at Stanley during a failed mutiny, only to die from smallpox later. Two-thirds of the porters had deserted or died.

Stanley was now in Tabora to regroup. The sprawling village on the savanna was one of three primary Arab enclaves in East Africa; the others were the island of Zanzibar, roughly 400 miles east of Tabora, and Ujiji, 350 miles west on the banks of Lake Tanganyika. Tabora was the crown jewel, its large houses and lavish gardens occupied by the wealthiest Arab residents.

But Tabora was not a paradise to Stanley. To him, it was dusty and Spartan, with that hostility common to crossroads and border towns, and the curious stares of the locals made him uneasy. Nonetheless, he had come a long way in the year and a half since Bennett had called the reporter to Paris and ordered him to Africa.

Stanley had come far, period. His real name was John Rowlands, and he had been born in Denbigh, Wales, his father the town drunk and his 19-year-old mother a local prostitute. He was given up to a workhouse at age 5. He was released at 15 and at 17 fled to New Orleans where he started his life anew by erasing his past. John Rowlands had become Henry Morton Stanley, who began living a very American series of adventures: he fought for the Confederacy, was taken prisoner and, when offered the chance to

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switch sides, fought for the Union. He drifted west after the war to try to make his fortune mining gold and silver, and he became a journalist covering the American Indian Wars, rubbing elbows with Ulysses S. Grant and Wild Bill Hickok. There seemed no limit to the things he was willing to take on.

Africa, however, scared Stanley. The fear had set in as he sailed to Zanzibar to purchase supplies and hire men for the expedition. He had had nightmares and even pondered suicide to avoid traveling into the "eternal, feverish region." Despite his anxieties, by March 21, 1871, he had managed to assemble one of the largest expeditions to ever set forth from Zanzibar—so big that Stanley was forced to divide it into five subcaravans and stagger their departures to avoid robbery. As Stanley set off, he heard rumors that a white man had been seen near Ujiji, some 750 miles inland.

During the march to Tabora, Stanley had written regularly in his journal but had sent nothing to the newspaper. On July 4, he penned his first dispatch to Bennett in the form of a 5,000-word letter—enough to fill the front page of the *Herald*. In it, Stanley told of his fears and even his contemplation of suicide. "I should like to enter into more minute details respecting this new land, which is almost unknown," he wrote, "but the very nature of my mission, requiring speed and all my energy precludes it. Some day, perhaps, the *Herald* will permit me to describe more minutely the experiences of the long march, with all its vicissitudes and pleasures, in its columns, and I can assure your readers beforehand that they will be not quite devoid of interest. But now my whole time is occupied in the march, and the direction of the expedition, the neglect of which in any one point would be productive of disastrous results." Stanley held back the information his audience wanted most until the final paragraph. Livingstone, he told them, was rumored to be on his way to Ujiji. "Until I hear more of him or see the long absent old man face to face, I bid you a farewell," he signed off. "But wherever he is be sure I shall not give up the chase. If alive you shall hear what he has to say. If dead I will find him and bring his bones to you."

Stanley sent his dispatch with a caravan going east with instructions to give it to the American consul in Zanzibar, who would then send it to New York by ship. But Stanley hadn't told his readers everything. A fierce tribal war blocked the road to Ujiji, threatening to derail his entire expedition. Stanley would either have to embroil himself in the fighting or find an alternate—uncharted—route to the south.

Stanley (standing right in cutaway coat) returned to Zanzibar in 1887 to outfit his final African expedition—to rescue Emin Pasha, the German-born governor of southern Sudan's Equatoria Province who had been cut off from the outside world by a Muslim revolt.

Stanley's reputation declined when he accepted payment from King Leopold II of Belgium in 1879 to help colonize Western Africa. The explorer (above, in red) helped establish the Congo Free State, one of the most egregious slave-trading nations in the world.

As he pondered his course of action, he encountered a far more lethal obstacle. On July 7, as Stanley sat in the shade in Tabora's afternoon heat, drowsiness washed over him like a drug. "The brain was busy. All my life seemed passing in review before me," he wrote. "The loveliest feature of all to me was of a noble and true man who called me son." Stanley's intense visions evoked long-forgotten emotions: "When these retrospective scenes became serious, I looked serious; when they were sorrowful I wept hysterically; when they were joyous I laughed loudly." In fact, Stanley was suffering from dementia brought on by cerebral malaria, the often fatal strain of that disease.

Nyangwe, Congo, July 15, 1871—Livingstone took his usual seat in the shade to observe the marketplace. Soon, slave traders arrived and started squabbling with the Africans. Suddenly, the slavers began firing their guns into the crowd. A horrified Livingstone watched as the villagers fled and more Arabs joined the slaughter. "Men opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the marketplace, volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women who dashed at the canoes," Livingstone wrote. "These, some 50 or more, were jammed in the creek and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all."

The Arabs stood along the riverbank, calmly aiming and firing, then reloading to kill again. When the villagers leapt from their canoes and began swimming, the Arabs picked them off. Livingstone had run out of paper, and was writing his journal on any scrap he could find—old checks, magazine pages. Livingstone's supply of ink was gone too. Instead, he was using a red dye he had made from roots; the color brought a graphic realism to the tales of murder: "As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends who are now in the depths of the Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come!" he implored God.

Livingstone fled Nyangwe for Ujiji a few days after the massacre. The path he took was new to him, and in the heavy equatorial heat, his dysentery returned. His feet had swollen; his shoes were falling apart. "The mind acted on the body," he wrote. "And it is no overstatement to say that every step of between 400 and 500 miles was [taken] in pain."

Near the Malagarasi River, Tanganyika, October 7, 1871—Stanley was barely in control of the caravan. The cerebral malaria that had nearly killed him in Tabora had been followed by a bout of smallpox. It was a tribute to Stanley's constitution that he was still searching for Livingstone. It had been nearly three weeks since he'd left Tabora. The caravan had traveled hundreds of miles out of its way, through un-

charted terrain, to avoid the tribal fighting taking place between Tabora and Ujiji. Food had been scarce, and hunger had slowed the caravan's pace. Now, Stanley's men were pushing to reach the Malagarasi River, a wide, powerful flow that fed Lake Tanganyika. But the men were weak. The expedition was less than a hundred miles from Ujiji, but it might as well have been ten times that distance.

On November 1, after two weeks of searching, Stanley finally reached the Malagarasi River. Villages lined its banks, and fish-eating birds could be seen in the shallows. The caravan restocked with food and water, but the Malagarasi offered up another challenge. Crocodiles dotted the surface as far as the eye could see, and the only way to cross was to hire locals to ferry the caravan. By sunset, all were across except the donkeys, which were to swim alongside the canoes, held by their halters. The first donkey to go was a favorite of Stanley's named Simba—"lion" in Swahili. Halfway across, to Stanley's horror, crocodiles attacked Simba and dragged him underwater. That night, sadness permeated the caravan. Simba's gruesome death was a reminder that the same could happen to any of them. All traces of melancholy vanished the next morning, however, when a passing traveler told of seeing a white man in Ujiji.

Lake Tanganyika, October 8, 1871—Livingstone's endurance was remarkable, but by the time he had reached Lake Tanganyika, his will was shattered. Describing the moment, he wrote, "I was reduced to a skeleton."

The continued failure of his mission was breaking Livingstone. He set off by canoe to cross to Ujiji, hoping to find supplies from the British Consulate waiting for him. But when he reached Ujiji, there was nothing. Livingstone now faced the desperate choice of becoming a beggar or starving to death. He spent his days in Ujiji praying for deliverance. "I made up my mind to wait until men should come from the coast," he wrote, still hoping the British consul would send help. "But to wait in beggary was what I never contemplated, and now I felt miserable."

Rescue looked bleak. Both to the east and to the west, Arabs and Africans were fighting. "I felt, in my destitution, as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. But I could not hope for priest, Levite or good Samaritan to come by on either side," Livingstone wrote.

London, England, October 20, 1871—In his prime, Sir Roderick Murchison had been the consummate outdoorsman. The tall, dramatic former president of the Royal Geographical Society had ridden to hounds as a country squire, trekked the Alps and roamed the countrysides of England, Scotland and Russia in the name of geology. But at 79, just two years after the death of his wife, Charlotte, and two months after his second stroke, Murchison now rarely ventured from his storied mansion at 16 Belgrave Square, where Victorian England's mighty once mingled with her bravest explorers. He had recently regained his ability to speak and swallow, however, and longed to venture outside. And so, on this fall day, he impulsively took the carriage ride that would give him pneumonia and kill him two days later.

History had never known an explorer like Roderick Impey Murchison. His legacy laid the groundwork for the spread of the British Empire. His peers named 23 topographical features on six continents in his honor—waterfalls, rivers, mountains, glaciers and even an island.

Livingstone (in litter, above) had gone to Africa in 1865 to find the source of the Nile River. By 1871, no closer to his goal, he had been plagued by setbacks—anemia, dysentery, bone-eating bacteria, the loss of his teeth, thieving porters and, finally, abject poverty.

Livingstone's absence consumed Murchison. He longed for his friend to return. Murchison had vowed he would not be laid to rest until that great day came. "I will then," the old showman had promised, "take leave of you in the fullness of my heart."

Ujiji, Tanganyika, November 10, 1871—The *Herald* caravan had set forth before dawn on what Stanley hoped would be the last hours of its mission. They had still to cross over a mountain, but Stanley didn't care. He just wanted to get to Ujiji. But the view from the summit had taken his breath away. Lake Tanganyika sparkled below like a silver sea. "In a few minutes we shall have reached the spot where we imagine the objects of our search," he wrote. "Our fate will soon be decided. No one in the town knows we are coming."

A mile from town, Stanley ordered the American colors raised. "The flags are fluttered, the banner of America is in front waving joyfully," Stanley wrote. The sound of muskets firing and horns blowing filled the air. "Never were the Stars and Stripes so beautiful in my mind."

As Stanley entered Ujiji, thousands of people pressed around the caravan. Livingstone had been sitting on a straw mat on the mud veranda of his small house, pondering his woeful future, when he heard the commotion. Now Livingstone got slowly to his feet. Above the throngs of people, he

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saw the American flag snapping in the breeze and porters bearing an incredible assortment of goods: bales of cloth, huge kettles, tents. "This must be a luxurious traveler," Livingstone thought. "And not one at wit's end like me."

Livingstone pushed through the crowd and saw a tanned, gaunt man. His boots were worn and his sun-beaten helmet clean. The man had such a formal bearing that, despite the Stars and Stripes, Livingstone assumed he was French. He hoped the traveler spoke English, for Livingstone didn't speak a word of French. He thought that they would be "a pretty pair of white men in Ujiji if neither one spoke the other's language."

What Stanley saw was a pale white man wearing a faded blue cap and patched clothing. The man's hair was white, he had few teeth, and his beard was bushy. He walked, Stanley wrote, "with a firm and heavy tread."

Stanley stepped up crisply to the old man, removed his helmet and extended his hand. According to Stanley's journal, it was November 10, 1871. With formal intonation, representing America but trying to affect British gravity, Stanley spoke, according to later accounts, the most dignified words that came to mind: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," Livingstone answered simply.

"I thank God, doctor," Stanley said, appalled at how fragile Livingstone looked, "I have been permitted to see you."

"I feel thankful," Livingstone said with typical understatement, "I am here to welcome you."

London, England, October 27, 1871—On a cool autumn morning, under a sky that threatened rain, a procession of 13 mourning carriages rolled through the north entrance of Brompton Cemetery moving toward the grave site of Sir Roderick Murchison. He would be buried next to his wife. Prime Minister William Gladstone and a host of dignitaries stepped from their carriages and solemnly walked to the grave. Murchison was a conservative, and Gladstone the day's preeminent liberal, but the two men had crossed paths for a lifetime. "Went to Sir R. Murchison's funeral; the last of those who had known me from infancy," Gladstone wrote in his journal. "And so a step toward the end is made visible."

Stanley's and Livingstone's journals show that both men had lost track of time, and their journals were off by days—in Stanley's case, as much as two weeks. The date on which Stanley actually found Livingstone was not November 10 but October 27—two years to the day since Bennett had bestowed the Great Commission upon Stanley. It was also the very day of Murchison's burial. In fact—given that Murchison's funeral ran from 11:00 in the morning until 1:30 in the afternoon, and taking into account a two-hour time difference, Murchison would have been lowered into the ground only after his long-lost friend had been found by Stanley.

In the hours after their meeting, Stanley and Livingstone forged a profound bond. "I found myself gazing at him," Stanley wrote of that afternoon on Livingstone's veranda when the two men sat eating and drinking until well into the evening. "Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much."

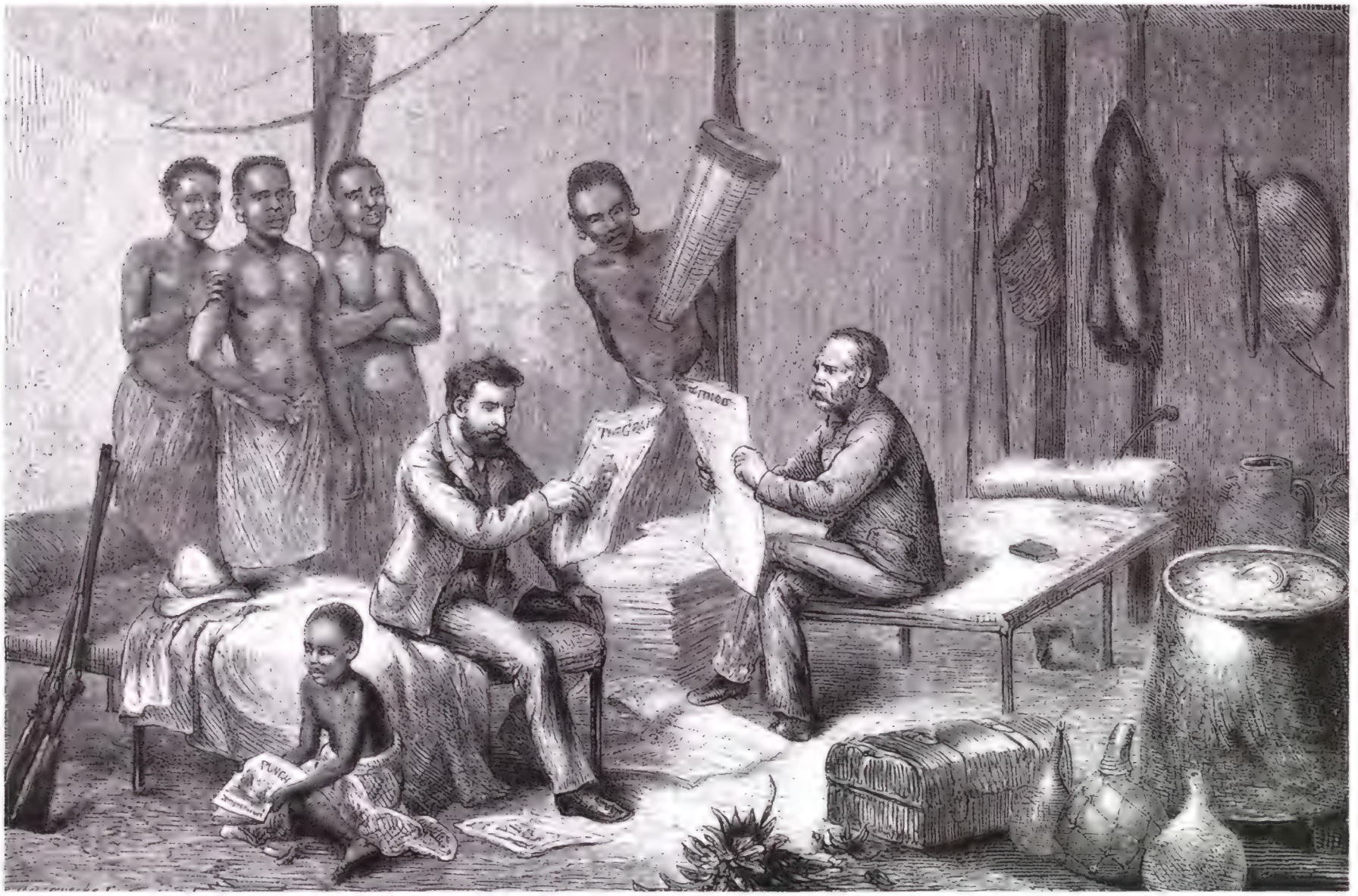
Livingstone, for his part, was no less moved. "You have brought me new life," he told Stanley between bites of stewed goat, curried chicken and rice.

Stanley had originally planned to depart quickly for Zanzibar, racing back to the outside world with news of his achievement. But in a rare departure from character, he set aside ambition to bask in his newfound friendship. He oversaw Livingstone's return to health, then accepted his offer to explore the dark green waters of Lake Tanganyika. They spent a month traveling in a dugout canoe paddled by 20 of Stanley's men. Though Stanley had proved adept at the fundamentals of African travel, Livingstone was giving him a tutorial on exploration.

They returned to Ujiji, where Livingstone vowed to continue searching for the source of the Nile, despite Stanley's urgings that they return to London. Stanley traveled to Tabora with Livingstone and outfitted him with supplies and new porters. After five months together, the men parted ways on March 14, 1872. As a tearful Stanley left for Zanzibar, Livingstone said, "You have done what few men could do, and I am grateful."

No less than James Gordon Bennett Jr. had hoped, Stanley's finding of Livingstone—reported in the May 2, 1872, edition of the *Herald* under the headline "Livingstone Safe"—was an international sensation. Stanley returned to London, then New York, a hero. Bennett and the *Herald* milked the story for a year. The saga of Stanley and Livingstone sparked an unlikely turning point in history. Journalism's growing power, America's ascendancy and Britain's eventual eclipse, one generation of explorer giving way to another, and the

Sir Roderick Murchison (above), head of Britain's Royal Geographical Society, vowed he would not be laid to rest until his friend and fellow explorer Livingstone was found. Though the two would never see each other again, Murchison proved good to his word.

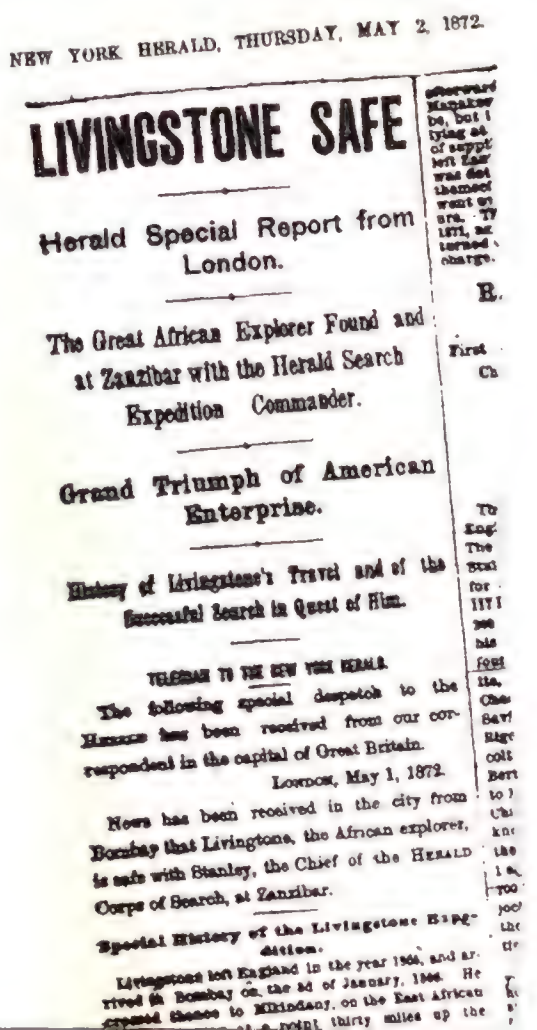


In the five months after the two explorers (above, Stanley, left, and Livingstone, right) met in October 1871, they would become fast friends. "You have brought me new life," Livingstone told the newspaperman. They reluctantly parted ways on March 14, 1872.

opening of Africa—all were foreshadowed or came about as a result of Livingstone's love of Africa and Stanley's march to find him.

Livingstone, worn down by disease, died in today's Zambia, on May 1, 1873, a year and a half after his meeting with Stanley. His attendants mummified his body and handed it over to British authorities. His remains were buried in Westminster Abbey. Stanley was a pallbearer at Livingstone's funeral. Afterward, he fulfilled a vow he'd made to the explorer to return to Africa to search for the source of the Nile. In his failed attempt, Stanley circumnavigated lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, then traveled the length of the Congo River to the Atlantic. Later, however, he besmirched his reputation by accepting money from King Leopold II of Belgium to help create the Congo Free State and promote the slave trade. Though he returned to Britain, married in 1890 (he and his wife, Dorothy, adopted a 1-year-old Welsh child in 1896), resumed his British citizenship in 1892 and served in Parliament, when he died at age 63, he was denied burial in Westminster Abbey because of his actions in the Congo Free State.

Stanley swore he uttered the words, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," but the page pertaining to that moment was torn out of his journal. It is possible that it went missing in an act of sabotage by a farsighted collector. But if Stanley didn't make the statement and removed the page to cover his tracks, few who knew the Welshman turned American would have been surprised. He may well have fabricated the quote for his *Herald* stories (he mentions it in two dispatches; one published July 15, 1872, the other on August 10, 1872). In any case, the four words became the journey's defining moment. By the time Stanley returned from Africa, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" was so well known that recanting would have caused considerable loss of face. To the day he died of complications of a stroke and pleurisy in London on May 10, 1904, Stanley maintained he had spoken the eloquent phrase. ○



NEW YORK HERALD, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1872.

LIVINGSTONE SAFE

Herald Special Report from London.

The Great African Explorer Found and at Zanzibar with the Herald Search Expedition Commander.

Grand Triumph of American Enterprise.

History of Livingstone's Travel and of the Successful Search in Quest of Him.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The following special despatch to the Herald has been received from our correspondent in the capital of Great Britain.

LONDON, May 1, 1872.

News has been received in the city from Bombay that Livingstone, the African explorer, is safe with Stanley, the Chief of the HERALD Corps of Search, at Zanzibar.

Special History of the Livingstone Expedition.

Livingstone left England in the year 1866, and arrived in Bombay on the 1st of January, 1866. He crossed thence to Mikindany, on the East African

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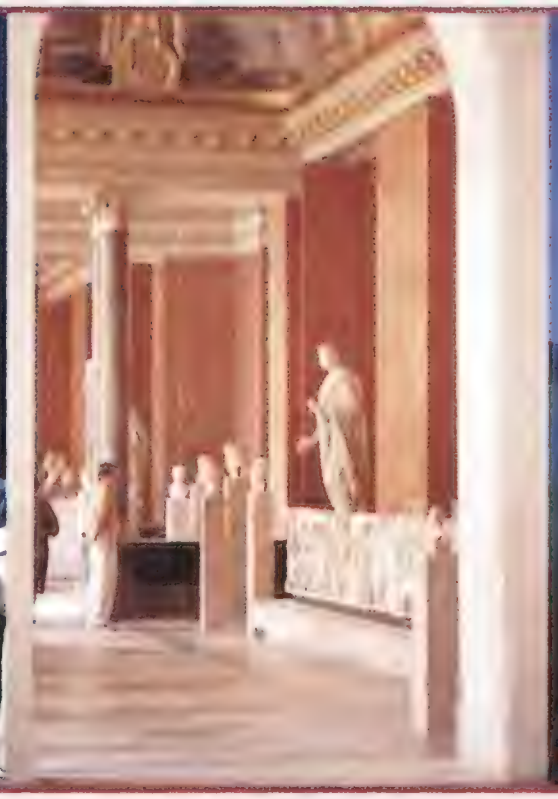

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FOLK ART JUBILEE

Self-taught artists and their fans mingle each fall at Alabama's up close and personal Kentuck Festival

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN NOYES

UNDER THE TOWERING PINES hard by Alabama's Black Warrior River, the talk at 8 a.m. on an October Saturday is of a forecast of rain. When the exhibited work of 38 folk artists is made of mud, cardboard, sticks and rags—and the exhibit is out-of-doors—wet weather can indeed mean a washout.

But for now the sun shines, merciful news for the 30,000 people expected today and tomorrow at the Kentuck Festival of the Arts, held the third weekend of every October in the woods near downtown Northport, across the river from Tuscaloosa. Here is America's folk art at its most personal, a unique event where nationally acclaimed self-taught and primitive artists create, show and sell their work themselves. To see these "roots artists" otherwise would, in many cases, involve road trips through the backwoods and hollows of Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas. Over its 32-year history, the show has taken on the homey atmosphere of a family reunion, with many buyers returning year after year to chat with the artists and add to their collections. (I am one of those fans; over the years, I've collected work by some of the artists featured on these pages.)

At the entrance to the festival, Sam McMillan, a 77-year-old artist from Winston-Salem, North Carolina, holds court, resplendent in a polka-dot daubed suit that matches the painted furniture, lamps and birdhouses for sale behind him. "People walk in and catch a sight of me and think, 'Whoa now, what's happening at this place today?'" says McMillan. "They know they're in for something different." Kentuck is the most intimate event of its kind in the nation, says Ginger Young, a visitor and art dealer in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. "For many of us, art encounters consist of hushed museum exhibitions and pretentious gallery openings," she says. "Kentuck is unrivaled in its ability to blaze a direct connection between artists and art fans. What happens at Kentuck is akin to a good old-fashioned Southern revival."

Kentuck (it's named for an early settlement on the site of the present-day town; the origin of the word is unclear) began in 1971 as an offshoot of Northport's centennial celebration. That first festival, says founding director Georgine Clarke, featured only 20 artists; two years later there were 35. "We quickly outgrew the downtown location and had our eyes on an overgrown park a little ways out of town," she says. "Postmaster Ellis Teer and I walked around it to figure out how much of it we could mow—Ellis brought his lawn mower along—and that became the area we'd set up in. Each year we mowed a little bit more, and the festival grew that much." The exhibition now covers half of the 38.5-acre park and showcases more than 200 traditional craftspeople quilting, forging metal, weaving baskets, making furniture and throwing pottery. But the big draw remains the extraordinary collection of authentic folk artists, each with stories to tell about how they started and where they get their inspiration. Many of the artists now have works in the permanent collections of museums like the Smithsonian American Art Museum, Baltimore's American Visionary Art Museum and the New Orleans Museum of Art. But here at Kentuck, the artists can be found leaning against a rusty Olds Delta 88, playing a harmonica or picking a guitar, ready to chat.

"Kentuck shows us the world through fresh eyes," says North Carolina art dealer Ginger Young of the annual festival, which features folk artists such as Sam "The Dot Man" McMillan (opposite) and Jimmie Lee Sudduth (whose finger paintings fans peruse, above).

HEADLINE ILLUSTRATION BY WOODELSON

SAM

"What happens at Kentuck is akin to a good old-fashioned Southern revival."

JIMMIE LEE SUDDUTH, 93, is parked in a folding chair next to his car and is engulfed by a crowd that eagerly flips through his mud paintings, which are stacked against a tree. Sudduth, from nearby Fayette, Alabama, has been finger painting with mud since 1917. His work is in the collection of New York City's American Folk Art Museum.

The typically taciturn Sudduth brightens as he recalls his breakthrough moment at age 7. "I went with Daddy and Mama to their jobs at a syrup mill and, with nothing better to do, smeared mud and honey on an old tree stump to make a picture," he says. When he returned days later after several rains, the painting was still there; his mother, Vizola, saw it as a sign that he'd make a great painter, and encouraged her son. "That's when I found out I had something that would stick," says Sudduth. "I counted 36 kinds of mud near my house and used most of them one time or another."

Eventually, Sudduth experimented with color. "I'd grab a handful of grass or berries and wipe them on the painting, and the juice comes out and makes my color," he says. In the late 1980s, a collector who was concerned that Sudduth's mud-on-plywood paintings might fall apart gave the artist some house paint and encouraged him to incorporate it into his work. (Art dealer Marcia Weber, who exhibits Sudduth's work in her Montgomery, Alabama, gallery, isn't worried about how long his earliest mud works will last. "How permanent are the caves of Lascaux and Altamira?" she asks.) Sudduth now uses both paints and mud to render the houses of Fayette, trains, and his dog, Toto.

FOR THE PAST 13 YEARS, Woodie Long, 61, and his wife, Dot, 46, have made the drive up from Andalusia, Alabama, or, since 1996, the Florida panhandle, to show his work: rhythmic and undulating figures that dance across paper, wood, metal and glass in bright acrylics. Long, who had been a house painter for 25 years, started making art 15 years ago. His paintings, based on childhood memories, have names such as *Jumping on Grandma's Bed* and *Around the Mulberry Bush*. "People look at my art and see themselves—it's their memories too," he says. "They just feel a part of it. Every day there are new people that see my work, and the response just blows me away."

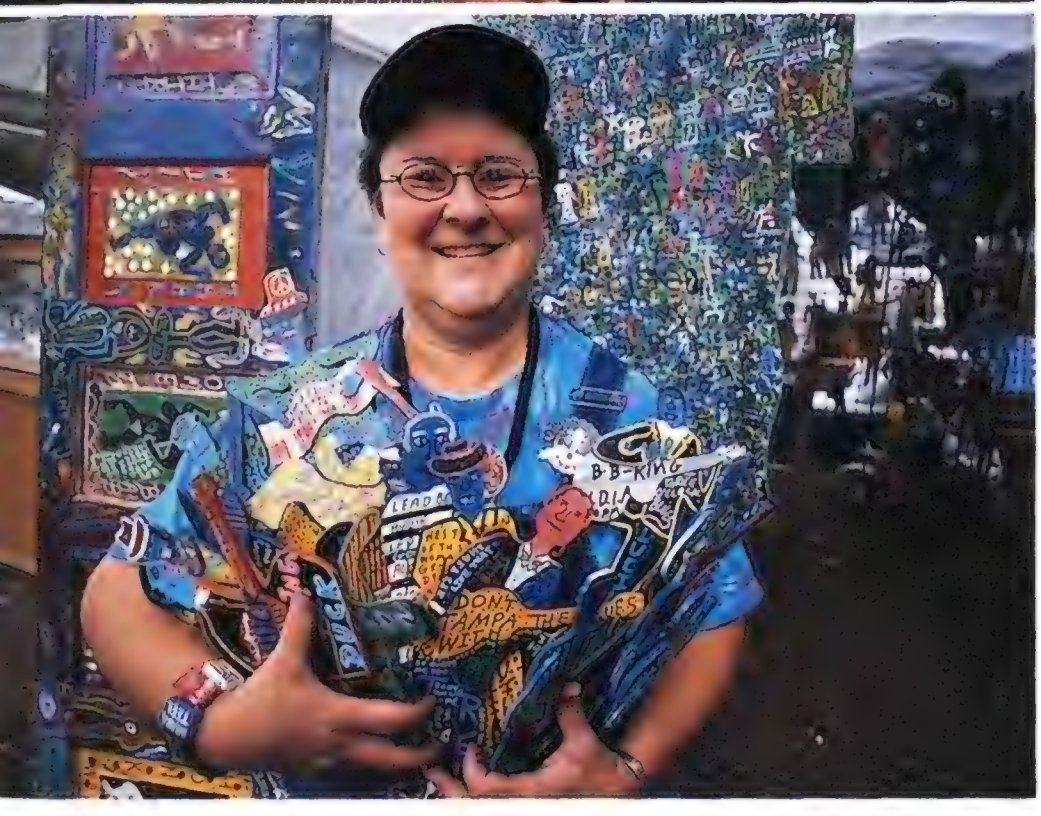
Sandra Sprayberry, 46, has introduced new people to Long's work for about ten years. Sprayberry, an English professor at Birmingham-Southern College, befriended Long when she took a group of students to meet him during a tour to visit Alabama folk artists. "I wanted the students to experience the stories these artists tell both orally and in their artwork," she says. Sprayberry says that primitive folk art grabs her emotionally more than technically proficient art, and it was Long's fluid lines that first caught her eye. "When other folk artists attempt to portray movement, it appears almost intentionally comical—which I often love," she says. "But he paints it in a lyrical way in especially bright and vibrant colors. I love his perpetually childlike enthusiasm. And Woodie truly likes his paintings. Every time I pick one up, he says 'I really *love* that one!' He's the real deal."

FOLK ART is often referred to as visionary, self-taught or outsider art; experts don't agree on a single descriptive term or even on what is, or isn't, included in the category. They do agree, however, that unlike craftspeople who often train many years to attain extraordinary skill with materials, folk artists are largely untutored. Theirs is an often passionate, free-flowing vision unencumbered by rules and regulations of what makes "good" art.

"These are artists who are pursuing creativity because of some personal experience that provides a source of inspiration that has nothing to do with having gone to art school," says Lynda Roscoe Hartigan, former chief curator of the Smithsonian American Art Museum and now chief curator of the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, Massachusetts. While some contemporary folk artists have physical or mental disabilities or difficult personal circumstances, Hartigan says there is an unfortunate tendency to assume that all such artists are divorced from everyday life. "Their inspiration is not different from fine artists. They are commenting on the world around them," she says. "Perhaps some are expressing anxieties or beliefs through art. Others find inspiration in spiritual beliefs."

PARKED UNDER a canopy of oaks is Chris Hubbard's *Heaven and Hell Car*, influenced, he says, by his Catholic upbringing and a long-time interest in Latin American religious folk art. It's a 1990 Honda Civic encrusted with found objects such as toys, and tin-and-wood figures he's made of saints, angels and devils. "I wanted to bring art to the streets," says Hubbard, 45, of Athens, Georgia, who six years ago left a 20-year career in environmental consulting and microbiol-

BRIAN NOYES is the art director of SMITHSONIAN. His e-mail address is bnoyes@simag.si.edu.



"Jimmie Lee Sudduth has the same joy in each stroke that he had years ago," says Woodie Long of his friend and fellow painter. "That's the sign of a true folk artist." Sharing the joy, clockwise from top left: Sudduth of Fayette, Alabama; potter Pettus Smith of Clanton, Alabama; sculptor and painter Charlie Lucas of Prattville, Alabama; assemblage artist "Missionary Mary" Proctor of Tallahassee, Florida; blues fan and painter Debbie "Miz Thang" Garner of Hawkinsville, Georgia; and Atlanta's Tom Haney, creator of moving figures. Chris Hubbard says his bedecked art car (opposite) expresses "the good versus bad dichotomy of life in general."

Many folk artists, such as Lonnie Holley (above, with sculptures made of a sandstone byproduct of cast-iron molds), use unorthodox materials. "Ab the Flagman" makes portraits (below) with chunks of wood. Opposite: Woodie Long's *Around the Mulberry Bush.*

ogy to become an artist. "I knew I had to make an art car after seeing a parade of 200 of them in Texas in 1996," he says. The car has nearly 250,000 miles on it; he drives it 25,000 miles a year to as many as 16 art and car shows. To satisfy requests from admirers and collectors, he began selling "off the car" art—figures like the ones glued to the vehicle. Hubbard's next art car will be *Redención*, a 1988 Nissan pickup truck with 130,000 miles on it. "It's gonna be this gypsy wagon covered with rusty metal, tools and buckets and boxes," he announces.

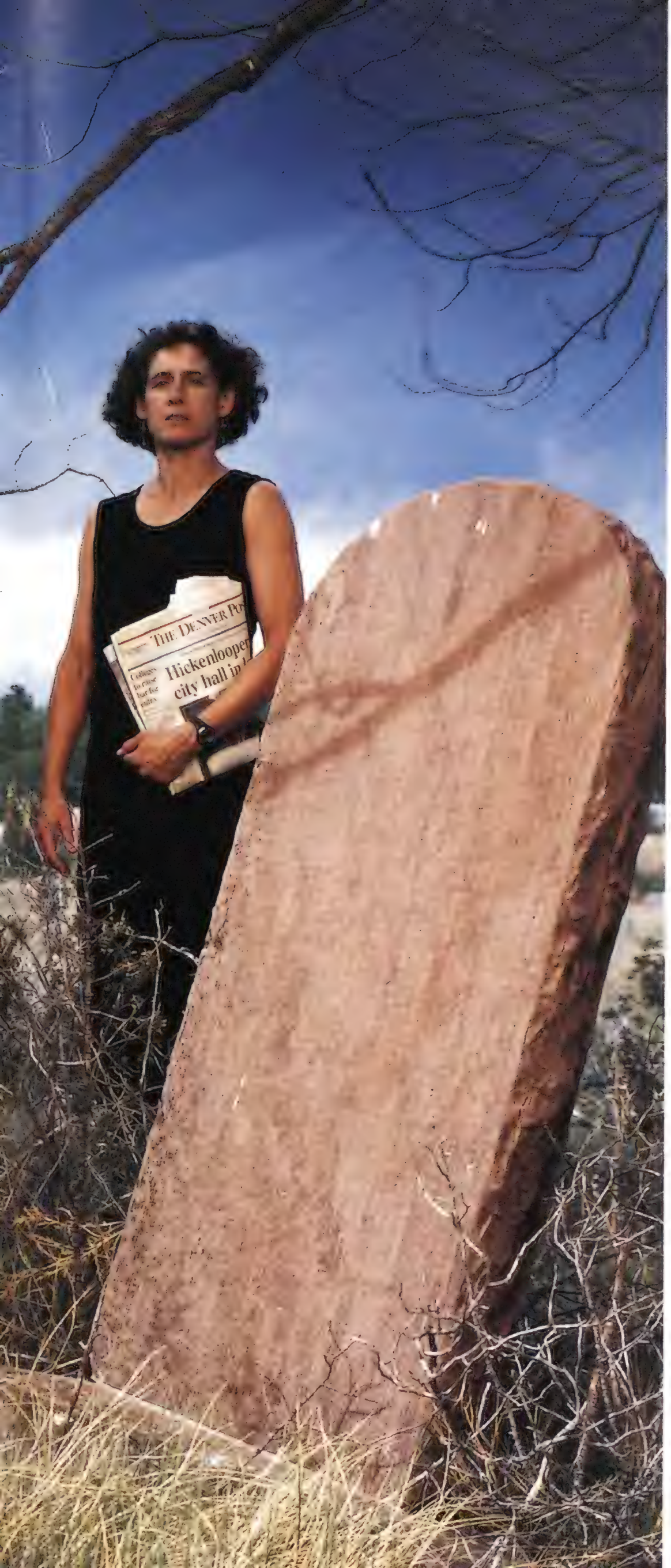
Across a grassy ditch, a riot of color blazes from the booth of "Miz Thang," 47-year-old Debbie Garner from Hawkinsville, Georgia. Her foot-high cutouts of rock 'n' roll and blues artists, ranging from B.B. King to such lesser-known musicians as Johnny Shines and Hound Dog Taylor, dangle from wire screens. Garner, a special-education teacher, is here for her third show; she finds inspiration for her blues guys in the music she loves. "I'd like to be doing this full time, but can't while I'm putting two kids through college," she says matter-of-factly. "Making this stuff just floats my boat and shakes my soul." Garner's inventory is moving too; by the end of the weekend, she's sold most of the two hundred or so pieces she brought with her.

Trying to make a successful first showing, Tom Haney, 41, from Atlanta, displays his animated, articulated wooden figures in a carefully ordered booth. Intricately carved and painted, the figures move—they jump, dance and gyrate with arms flying and hats tipping, powered by a hand-cranked Victrola motor or triggered by piano-type keys. Haney says he puts in 100 or so hours on a small piece and up to 300 on the more complex figures. Which may explain his prices: while folk art at nearby booths sells for $10 to $500, Haney's work is priced from $3,200 to $8,000. "Kentuck is the ideal place to show," he says. "My work needs to be demonstrated face to face." This weekend, however, he will not make a single sale; he plans to return to the festival for another try.

SUNDAY MORNING the rain arrives, and tents and tarps go up over the artwork as the weekend's music performers take their place onstage. Each year's festival ends with a concert; this one features bluegrass legend Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys, rediscovered by a new generation thanks to the 2000 movie *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* "Kentuck really is a big ol' party of Southern hospitality," says artist Woodie Long. "These people drive all this way to see some good art and make friends; the least we can do is thank 'em with some good old-timey music—and hope they'll forget about the rain." ○

For more information on the festival and the artists, visit www.smithsonianmag.com and click on "Folk Art Jubilee."

The warts and all approach of obituarists such as Andrew Mckie of the *Telegraph* (left) and the *Denver Post*'s Claire Martin (right) gives an "accurate portrait of those who have embellished and undermined our society," says obits scholar Nigel Starck (center).



Today's obituary writers sum up lives famous and not with pans as well as paeans

BY RICHARD CONNIFF

DEAD LINES

ON THE 12TH FLOOR of a slick, modern office tower on the outskirts of London, Andrew McKie presides over a sorting house of the dead. He wears a flashy chalk-stripe suit, a checked handkerchief in the breast pocket, and a red- white- and blue-checked shirt. The numbers scribbled on the back of one hand, for easy reference, are the centimeter-lengths of the obituaries in tomorrow's *Daily Telegraph*. He has not shaved in several days, and he carries a chewed orange pencil stub behind one ear and the scent of Guinness on his breath. He moves at a clipped, deadline pace.

"Look, can I draw your attention to someone else?" McKie is saying over the phone to one of his military correspondents. "There's a chap named Church." A CBE, or Commander, Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. "He may very well be unimportant. But worth a look, I think. Sheringham is where he died."

At a computer in the same cluster of desks, a reporter is working up the obituary of a cardinal who has fallen sick in a way that seems promising. Another reporter briefly considers the merits of a National Farmers Union leader who has turned up dead, but lets him drop without further notice through a trapdoor into oblivion. It is an ordinary day's business, deciding whose life will merit an obituary in the *Telegraph*, one of Britain's leading newspapers.

"This is Peggy Conklin," says McKie, holding up a photograph of Conklin and the actor Edward Everett Horton in some ancient production. "She was a big noise in *Petrified Forest* on Broadway, but

"Almost every life is worth examining," says McKie (above, in the *Daily Telegraph* offices). "The best reaction is for the reader to wish he had heard of this fascinating figure before."

didn't get the part in the film." So the trapdoor swings open for Conklin too. "If we had a picture of her with Cary Grant, we might do it."

Did someone ask, "O death, where is thy sting?" It is in residence on the obituaries desk at the *Telegraph*. The newspaper can, of course, produce a dignified tribute, as it did when Katharine Hepburn and Bob Hope died this summer. But a fine malicious wit also often emerges. When Kathleen Winsor, best known for writing the historical bodice-ripper *Forever Amber*, died in May, for instance, the *Telegraph* obituary quoted one critic who likened reading a Winsor book to "sinking into a vat of whale blubber" and another who called a Winsor volume "the most depressing event in publishing since *Mein Kampf*." In the same spirit, the *Telegraph* once remembered an Australian politician "for his keenness to enter beer-belly competitions, his habit of stirring his tea with his finger, and his regular nomination as one of Australia's worst-dressed men." A sideshow "human blockhead" garnered this tribute: "Anyone who has ever hammered a nail into his nose owes a large debt to Melvin Burkhart."

This is not your mother's obituary. Or, good grief, maybe it is your mother's obituary. The *Telegraph* remembered one 79-year-old as a wire-walker, nightclub girl, nude dancer and air pilot. But it concluded that "her real metier, in early life at least, was what she called 'profitable romance.'" The obituary noted the deceased's proud assertion that she had never been a whore—no doubt a consoling thought for her daughter, who was described as "married to a dentist."

In the past, most newspapers believed obituaries should be short, dutiful and dull. The obits desk was the Siberia where failing hacks got banished in their dotage and young reporters learned the importance of being polite and spelling peoples' names correctly. Back then, the colorful wire-walker would have been remembered on roughly these lines: "Denisa Throttlebottom, 79, a popular socialite, died at her home on Tuesday. A memorial service will be held. . . . " And the word "popular" would have been there only because some trembling editor deemed "adventurous" too suggestive.

But over the past 15 years, led by the revolutionaries of death at the *Telegraph*, the obituary has quietly blossomed. In papers from the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* to the *Sydney* (Australia) *Morning Herald*, the obituaries page has become the unfunereal home to some of the liveliest writing in daily journalism.

> "Her real metier, in early life at least," read one obituary, "was what she called 'profitable romance.'"

For instance, this razzle-dazzle lead in the *New York Times*: "Harold C. Fox . . . who claimed credit for creating and naming the zoot suit with the reet pleat, the reave sleeve, the ripe stripe, the stuff cuff and the drape shape that was the stage rage during the boogie-woogie rhyme time of the early 1940's, died on Sunday at his home in Siesta Key, Fla. He was 86."

Or this cosmic joke, from the *Los Angeles Times*: "F.M. Esfandiary. . . the 'chronic optimist' . . . who said immortality could be achieved by replacing worn-out organs with synthetic substitutes, died of cancer of the pancreas—one body part for which no substitute has been created and which he recently denounced as 'a stupid, dumb, wretched organ.'"

In the newfangled obit, the lives being commemorated are not necessarily newsworthy by traditional standards, though they are frequently colorful. The *Denver Post*, for instance, recently marked the passing of a tree-trimmer nicknamed Redneck, given to drinking Jack Daniels, spray-paint-

RICHARD CONNIFF got started in journalism as a night obituary writer at the Herald-News *in Passaic, NJ. He wrote about primate aggression in the August 2003 issue.*

MICHAEL FREEMAN, PP. 84-85 DOUGLAS MERRIAM

ing rocks and singing Elvis Presley's hit "Suspicious Minds" in the treetops. And the *New York Times* reported the death of Doris Wishman, "a prolific independent director of truly tasteless movies," noting that she got her big break when the courts ended censorship of films about nudist camps. Wishman made this the pretext for such films as "'Nude on the Moon,' in which astronauts are greeted by naked women with pipe-cleaner antennas poking out of their bouffant hairdos." The new-style obituaries are by no means all snide. Poignant details also abound: A *Telegraph* obituary of a pioneering aviator noted, for instance, that she flew a single-engine De Havilland Puss Moth upholstered by her mother in the same colors that had once adorned her baby carriage.

But where obituaries once faithfully obeyed the old rule to speak only good of the dead, they now often display an unflinching frankness. These days the dead get served up with "less fantasy and more history," says Nigel Starck, a University of South Australia scholar with a special interest in obituaries. The *Economist* noted one case contrasting the old style with the new: a British newspaper published a tribute downplaying a deceased banker's ties to the Nazi government in wartime Germany. The *Telegraph*, on the other hand, reported that the banker had attended board meetings of a poison gas manufacturer, and that he had been convicted in absentia as a war criminal.

Frankness about the deceased is particularly tempting for the British press because the strict limits imposed by libel laws there end at death, meaning the obituary may be the first (and last) chance people get to say how they really felt about the old buzzard after all. In any case, the candor has proved contagious. The once-staid *British Medical Journal* (or *BMJ*) marked the passing of a pharmaceutical innovator earlier this year with an obituary suggesting that he was "unethical," "a rotter" and might "prove to be the greatest snake oil salesman of his age." When family and friends voiced outrage, the editor replied that an obituary should be a sketch of a life, balancing positive and negative elements, not just a tribute. "Why should obituaries be different from book reviews?" he asked. One reader replied that this line of thinking would lead to the inclusion of details such as "he had the habit of picking his nose during meetings" or "latterly she became incontinent." Others, nursing their own peculiar outrage, said the obituary was unfair to snake oil, a source of beneficial omega-3 fatty acids.

The *BMJ* ultimately apologized, but Andrew McKie of the *Telegraph* stands by his work. "I'm sorry it hurts the family," he says. "But our duty is to tell the news." When he was a gossip columnist, he adds, people sometimes blamed him for ruining a marriage with a published report of infidelity. "I didn't ruin the marriage," he says. "I didn't run off and sleep with someone else's wife. You did."

Telegraph obituaries, always unsigned, profile the famous and the quirky with the same goal in mind, "chronicling what people were *really* like," says former editor Hugh Massingberd.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH Tuesday, July 29, 2003

Obituary

Bob Hope

British-born comic who became one of America's favourite entertainers with his 'Road

BOB HOPE, the British-born comedian who has died aged 100, was for more than half a century one of the best-loved and most successful American entertainers, alike in the theatre, cinema, radio and television; he also gave himself unsparingly to the entertainment of American troops.

The energy implicit in such a hectic career was evident in his comic style. Hope fired off gags at breakneck speed, though without ever losing his impeccable sense of timing. He was supported by teams of scriptwriters, who ensured that the supply of jokes never dried up, and his stage technique was so accomplished that he could get away with reading from cue cards.

These methods meant that the plaudits of his fans, who included Charlie Chaplin, WC Fields and Woody Allen, were interspersed with an occasional sour voice. "Hope is not a comedian," Groucho Marx complained, "he just translates what others write for him." Such criticism, however, missed the essence of Hope's performance, which lay not so much in his jokes as in the personality he adopted to deliver them.

His secret was to enter into a conspiracy with his audience which allowed him to undermine all the conventions. "Your Majesties, Ladies and Gentlemen... Peasants," he began a show at The Talk of the Town. He even had the nerve to stroll into a ward of gravely wounded soldiers and say: "All right fellas, don't get up."

Especially on the screen (and he appeared in more than 70 films), Hope was the braggart who is clearly a coward, the wise

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Burkhart: 'not just a good, but a great human blockhead'

Melvin Burkhart

Fairground sideshow performer

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THE DAILY TELEGRAPH Saturday, August 10, 2002

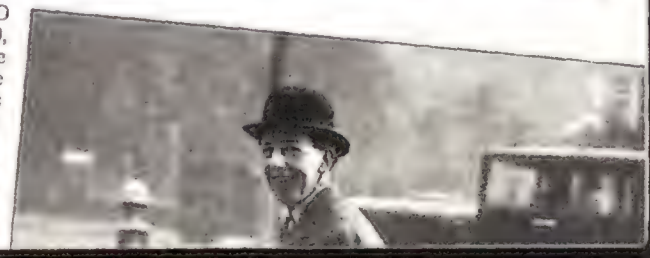
Obituaries

Lord Oranmore and Br

Irish peer who married a Guinness, reared pigs in his drawing r

THE 4TH LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE, who has died aged 100, is believed to hold the record as the longest-serving member of the House of Lords, having taken his seat in 1927 and been evicted under the Government's reforms of 1999.

He earned the unspoken admiration of many by never speaking in the chamber, and was better known for his three marriages, particularly to the heiress Oonagh Guinn



All this may seem a long way from the original purpose of obituaries. Scholars trace the roots of the genre to 17th-century London, when coffeehouse regulars began to circulate private-subscription newsletters including warm remembrances of notable acquaintances who had died. The traditional obituary evolved with the growth of the earliest daily newspapers in the 18th century and reached its heyday in the late 19th. "Newspaper readers loved a story with a moral," Nigel Starck writes. "They luxuriated in ornate prose, and . . . they had no objections to graphic, intrusive reporting." An Australian obituary, for instance, lingered on the deathbed agonies of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort: "When an attempt was made to lift him, or move his position, his groans were distressing to hear."

Obituaries have always appealed to readers on a number of levels, not all of them edifying. Along with regret and sympathy, they elicit a gratifying sense of superiority. The people in them are dead, after all, and we're not. We read them partly to learn how to stay on the right side of that distinction. "It's a way of saying, 'Wow, that wasn't me. That person was 79, that's not threatening,'" says Joseph Lowman, a clinical psychologist at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. "Or, 'Gee, that person was six years younger than me.'" The cause of death can serve as a cautionary tale. Thus the *Denver Post* ran an obituary this summer about a man who "loved showing off his bulletproof vest. But his faith in its inviolability ended when . . . it failed to deflect a fatal stab during what was intended as a playful demonstration." Obituaries also serve as reminders to live so that when we do ultimately become the subject of one ourselves, it's not too embarrassing for our survivors. We size up the dead, says Lowman—"'She was scrapbook chairman of her church for 20 years? Did she really want that in her obituary? She must not have done much else'"—and we size up our own lives too.

The modern obituary makes the need to live wisely more emphatic, if only to dissuade the obituary writer from dancing on one's grave. Nobody wants an obituary like the scathing assessment that appeared recently in the *Age* in Melbourne, Australia, about a 1980s entrepreneur: "He is remembered as a scoundrel, a thief, a liar and a coward." No actor would want his final notice to contain a mortifying quote like one the *Telegraph* published calling a departed thespian the "most famously dull character in the history of soap operas . . . with the charisma of an ashtray."

"We don't often sneer," chides Jim McCue, deputy obits editor at the *Times of London*. "I think the *Telegraph* sometimes does." But McKie of the *Telegraph* is unabashed. "We don't *always*," he says. When a prominent Welsh political figure died this spring, for example, the *Telegraph* obituary refrained from mentioning that he had passed on while undergoing therapy at a massage parlor called "A Touch of Class." (This had, McKie admits, already been reported elsewhere in the paper.)

The new candor in obituaries is in some ways a natural response to larger social changes. Society in general has become much less discreet about areas of life once deemed off-limits, and this increased openness has carried over into death. But it's also possible to trace the obituary revolution to more parochial newspaper rivalries, and to a precise date, September 29, 1986, when the *Times of London* reported the death of the Australian ballet dancer Robert Helpmann. Until then, British newspapers generally relied on innuendo and euphemism to get across their meaning. To say an Oxford don's "door was always open, at any hour of the day or night" meant, according to one former obituary writer, that he was "an alcoholic, with implications of gross sexual impropriety with students." Adding that he was a "tireless raconteur" meant he was a windbag. Some newspapers also relied on what one former editor calls "coded writing for aristocratic readers . . . we couldn't let the common people know." The obituary for the sixth earl of Carnarvon, for example, described him merely as a "most uncompromisingly direct ladies' man." Informed readers knew, in some cases all too well, that he was a flasher. (And they could recount for themselves one woman's blasé response, "Oh, do put that silly thing away.")

In this tradition, the *Times* had also commemorated Dylan Thomas without reference to drunkenness and Noel Coward without a whisper regarding sexual orientation. But now it described Helpmann as "a homosexual of the proselytising kind" who could "turn young men on the borderline his way." This startling bit of candor coincided with two other events that autumn, neither having anything to do with Helpmann, who had merely gotten caught postmortem in the Fleet Street crossfire. *The Independent*, a new national daily staffed largely by former *Times* reporters, was about to begin publication, with a bright, handsomely illustrated obits page. An even bigger threat came from the *Telegraph*, sometimes known as "The Torygraph" for its conservative politics. That month, it also launched its own obituary page, with a distinctive voice fashioned by an improbable revolutionary named Hugh Massingberd. It was the first serious competition for the *Times*, which until then was the only Fleet Street paper with a daily obituary page.

"Tall, thin, and dandyish," Massingberd "subsequently sacrificed his figure in the cause of a quite alarming gluttony."

Massingberd is a soft-spoken man in his late 50s, with bright eyes and pinkish skin, and one of the "stranded gentry"—descendants of younger sons and daughters who inherited the manner of the landed gentry but sadly not the land. He grew up outside London, and after secondary school at Harrow, got hooked on a job doing biographical research. In his own advance obituary, on file at the *Telegraph*, he writes that he was "tall, thin, and dandyish in his prime," "never achieved the solid work of which some thought he might be capable" and "subsequently sacrificed his figure in the cause of

a quite alarming gluttony." Before joining the *Telegraph*, he'd spent much of his career as an editor of reference books, indulging, he says, an enthusiasm for "out of the way, dusty stuff."

Creating an obituary page in the *Telegraph* was, oddly, his dream job. But when he first proposed it back in the 1970s, he was told that the paper didn't want one because the owners "don't like death." The thinking then was that readers also didn't like it, or old people either. It took a new owner with a more positive approach before Massingberg was hired as the paper's first obituary page editor. At first, he says, his friends looked at him with pity, and the paper's marketing executives complained about all the old men in the obituaries, as if an enterprising journalist ought to go and find a supply, as he puts it, of "bright businesswomen cut off in their prime" to attract a younger readership.

Hugh Massingberd, the *Telegraph*'s first obituary page editor, calls the late British novelist P.G. Wodehouse his "guiding star" when it comes to adding wit and eccentricity to the page.

The obituary style Massingberd introduced was modeled on the 17th-century antiquarian John Aubrey, whose *Brief Lives* was chock-full of trivial details and unguarded glimpses of the people he profiled. The *Telegraph* obituary of the London restaurateur Peter Langan, for example, included an Aubrey-esque account of his response to a customer who confronted him with a cockroach she had found in the ladies' room: "'Madam,' he exclaimed after studying it closely, 'that cockroach is *dead*. All ours are alive.' He then apparently swallowed it, washing it down decorously with a glass of vintage Krug." Massingberd also credits the *Telegraph* obituary style to Jeeves, the butler in P.G. Wodehouse's comic novels of the British aristocracy. It is typically detached and utterly deadpan, the straightforward delivery of biographical fact allowing bizarre details to rise without warning, as Massingberd characterizes it, from a "sea of dullness." The obituary of Col. Frank "Monocle" Morgan, for example, dutifully recounted his work establishing telephone communications in the trenches during World War I. It also noted that he could eject his monocle "by jerking his head upwards, and then catch it again in the socket. He said he found this a useful trick when addressing restive or sleepy audiences."

The approach to obituaries pioneered by Massingberd assumed, finally, that more obscure figures, unknown to the general reader, could often make for the liveliest reading. The obituary of a landlady of a lodging house for Cambridge undergraduates, for instance, would never previously have turned up in a national newspaper. The *Telegraph* not only found room for her, but also for her fond memory of one former tenant: "He was such a gent. When he was sick he was always sick out of the window."

The *Telegraph's* style is now widely imitated in newspapers around the world. At the *Denver Post*, for instance, reporter Claire Martin recalls that when she first proposed an obit about a tree-trimmer named Redneck, "my editor said, 'I don't understand why you're writing about this person. He didn't really accomplish anything.' So I got out an obituary from the *Telegraph* about the village drunk, and she just went pale." Martin has gone on to write about, among others, a vagrant who died in a makeshift shelter in a Denver storage yard, and an elderly migrant worker, "people who would have fallen through the cracks in days gone by."

Like the trend to candor, the idea that ordinary lives also may merit thoughtful, anecdotal obituaries isn't something journalists just dreamed up, but a reflection of changing newspaper demographics. "The typical reader is no longer a 49-year-old man in a gray suit," says Charles Strum, obit editor at the *New York Times*. Men and women of all ages, occupations and social backgrounds read obituaries, and they often want to know about the cops, taxi drivers and panhandlers who have shaped their lives, not just the judges and entertainers. The development of the AIDS Memorial Quilt in the 1980s encouraged personalized memorials, often about people of no particular prominence. Likewise, "Portraits of Grief," the *New York Times* series of some 2,400 brief, chatty sketches of people who died in the September 11 attacks, gained its power largely from the ordinary character of the lives lost.

The obituaries desk on the 12th floor at the *Telegraph* still sets the pace for this quiet revolution. The writers there do their work by interviewing where possible, but also by borrowing choice quotes and colorful observations previously published elsewhere. The *Telegraph* obits desk is thus a moldering heap of tear sheets, photocopies, letters from hopeful relatives, and well-thumbed books: *Debrett's Peerage*, the *Catholic Directory*, the *Second Supplement to the List of Boys at St. Gregory's from 1614*. A discarded press release announces a film called *Drop Dead Gorgeous*, and there's a newspaper column on the floor headlined "Dead Attractive."

Massingberd is now retired, but the obituaries turned out at the *Telegraph* are, as he dictated, resolutely anonymous, a collective work. The writers often convene to tweak one another's efforts and make things more entertaining. Robert Chalmers, a former obituary writer turned novelist, recalls a staff member touring guests around the newsroom. "That's sports over there," he said, "and those people laughing around the screen, those are the obituarists." They were laughing, as it happened, about one writer's bid to say that a politician would "be remembered for the size of his ears and the vulgarity of his wife." (The line was not published; even at the *Telegraph*, there is such a thing as too much candor.)

The finished obituaries get produced and polished on appallingly tight deadlines, always with the threat that some major figure will turn up dead at 6 p.m. and throw an entire day's work into chaos. It helps that the *Telegraph*, like other newspapers that are serious about obituaries, keeps extensive files on important personalities. "These are the not-yet-dead," McKie says, indicating a wall of file cabinets. He pulls open shallow drawers containing yellowed No. 10 envelopes stuffed with biographical material about everyone from Muhammad Ali to Peter Ustinov. Part of McKie's job is to make sure obituaries on likely prospects get written in advance while there is plenty of material. "I think we've heard the last of Ricky Martin as a pop phenomenon," he says. "But in 30 or 40 years he might make a very good obituary."

He takes out an envelope. "Woody Allen. There he is. Four pages. Single spaced. About 1,800 words." In fact, Allen actually has had three separate obits, updated over the years. But he could end up with just 400 words if he has the bad sense to die on the same day as, say, Margaret Thatcher. "The filing cabinet isn't a promise to them," says McKie. "It's what we have to work with." In death, as in comedy, timing counts. If your life is a mess, McKie suggests, book your death for the week after Christmas, when so many other people die that the newspapers may not have room to dwell on the sordid details. If you crave attention, on the other hand, die in August, which generally yawns vast and empty as the grave.

Despite all this preparation, the *Telegraph* sometimes blunders. One ghastly error occurred when a distinguished lord died, and the *Telegraph* somehow mixed somebody else's file into his obituary. The subsequent apology was contrite in acknowledging that the lord did not have a daughter named Caroline, that she had not died of a gunshot wound in the gun room of their country estate, and that his second wife had not died in a similar accident in the same gun room, but was very much alive and, in truth, enraged. In another case, the *Telegraph* was a little too eager, twice publishing the obituary of Jacqueline "Cockie" Hoogterp before she actually died. Hoogterp, a colorful figure in the racy world of colonial East Africa, obtained a retraction in her own words: "Mrs. Hoogterp wishes it to be known that she has not yet been screwed in her coffin."

"Mrs. Hoogterp wishes it to be known," read her own retraction, "that she has not yet been screwed in her coffin."

But by and large, the *Telegraph* gets it right, and the resulting obituary page is one of the great breakfast pleasures of visiting Britain. One recent August morning, for instance, the *Telegraph* led off its obituaries with Lord Oranmore and Browne, who had served for 72 years in the House of Lords and never said a word there. ("Good man," ten thousand British readers muttered, between bites of toast.) Among other achievements, Lord Oranmore had once tried to make ends meet with a scheme to raise pigs in the drawing room of his country estate, apparently on the premise that the aristocratic association would make for top-price bacon. "Bad plan, old boy.") By itself, this might have made Lord Oranmore "quite good value," as McKie puts it. But like a lot of *Telegraph* obits, Lord Oranmore's also took the time to weave him into the fabric of his era in surprising ways. One of his sons was a founder of the Chieftains, an influential Irish folk group. Another, a friend of John Lennon's, had crashed his Lotus Elan into a lamppost in London's Redcliffe Square. ("Darling, do you remember the line in that Beatles song, '*He blew his mind out in a car. . .* '?")

As if this were not enough, the reader's eye could then drop down the page to settle on the life of Hamish Moffatt ("Didn't we once know a Hamish Moffatt?"), who started out as a vintage auto-racing enthusiast before becoming a private pilot with his own landing strip on a perilous ridge. He was once heavily fined for going up in his De Havilland Gipsy Moth biplane to cluster bomb his old vintage auto-racing friends with sacks of flour.

Thoughtful readers could linger over their coffee, reminded that the lives of the British are still often "reliably surreal," as one commentator has put it. They could pause over the news that, only a Saturday or two before, Lord Oranmore himself had been reading the *Telegraph* obits page and remarked presciently, "Everyone seems to be dead."

And thus, a little entertained, a little enlightened and perhaps also a little chastened, countless readers could fold up their newspapers, push back from the table, and head out into the world freshly intent on the important business of living well. ○

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The Stubborn Scientist Who Unraveled a Mystery of the Night

Fifty years ago, Eugene Aserinsky discovered rapid eye movement and changed the way we think about sleep and dreaming

BY CHIP BROWN *PORTRAITS BY BRIAN SMALE*

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT Eugene Aserinsky had been working late. He'd dragged an ancient brain-wave machine, an Offner Dynograph, from the basement to the physiology lab on the second floor of Abbott Hall at the University of Chicago. He had tinkered with it long enough to think it might not be totally unreliable. And now, late one December evening in 1951, his 8-year-old son, Armond, came over to the lab and sat patiently on an Army cot while his father scrubbed his scalp and the skin around his eyes with acetone, taped electrodes to the boy's head and plugged the leads into a switch box over the bed. From the adjacent room, Aserinsky calibrated the machine, telling Armond to look left, right, up and down. The ink pens jumped in concert with the boy's eyes. And then it was lights out, the sharp smell of acetone lingering in the darkness.

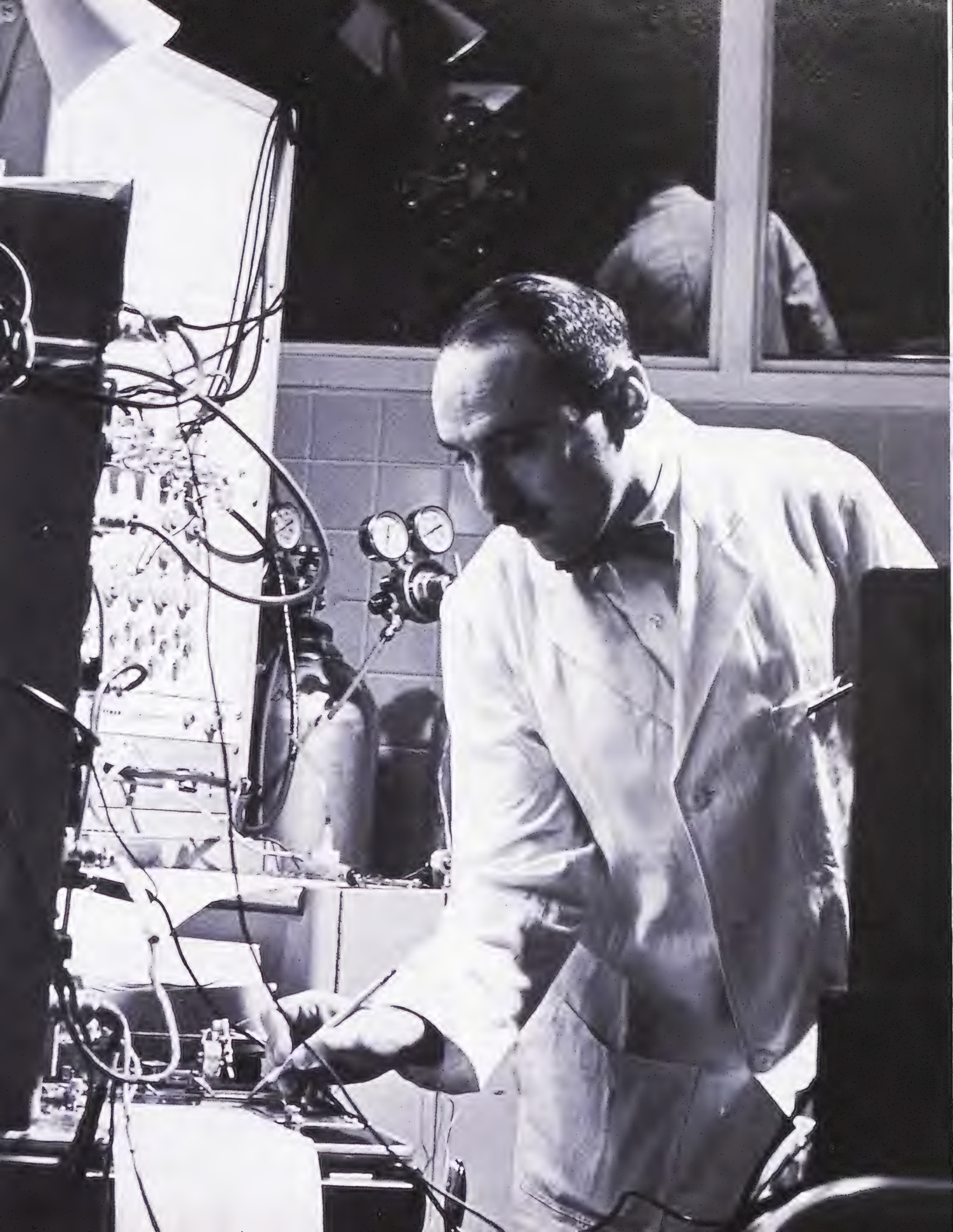
Armond fell asleep; his father tried not to. Sustained by pretzels and coffee, Aserinsky sat at a desk under the hellish red eyes of a gargoyle-shaped lamp. He was 30 years old, a trim, handsome man of medium height, with black hair, a mustache, blue eyes and the mien of a bullfighter. When he was not in his lab coat, he usually wore a bow tie and a dark suit. He was a graduate student in physiology, and his future was riding on this research. He had nothing but a high-school degree to fall back on. His wife, Sylvia, was pregnant with their second child. They lived on campus in a converted Army barracks heated by a kerosene stove. Money was so tight Aserinsky would eventually have to accept a small loan from his dissertation advisor, Nathaniel Kleitman, and then be obliged to feign enthusiasm for the distinguished man's suggestion that he economize by eating chicken necks.

The hours crept by in the spooky gray-stone gloom of Abbott Hall. While the long banner of graph paper unfurled, Aserinsky noticed that the pens tracking his son's eye movements—as well as the pens registering brain activity—were swinging back and forth, suggesting Armond was alert and looking around. Aserinsky went in to check on his son, expecting to find him wide awake. But Armond's eyes were closed; the boy was fast asleep.

What was going on? Yet another problem with the infernal machine? Aserinsky didn't know what to think, standing in bewildered excitement, on the threshold of a great discovery.

THE EXISTENCE OF rapid eye movement (REM) and its correlation with dreaming was announced 50 years ago last month in a brief, little-noted report in the journal *Science*. The two-page paper is a fine example of the maxim that the eye can see only what the mind knows: for thousands of years the physical clues of REM sleep were baldly visible to anyone who ever gazed at the eyelids of a napping child or studied the twitching paws of a sleeping dog. The association of a certain stage of sleep with dreaming might have been described by any number of observant cave men; in fact, if the 17,000-year-old Lascaux cave painting of a presumably

A self-described loner, Aserinsky (in his Philadelphia lab in the early 1960s) documented a "third state of being," REM sleep.



dreaming Cro-Magnon hunter with an erect penis is any indication, maybe it was.

But scientists had long been blinkered by preconceptions about the sleeping brain. It remains an astonishing anachronism in the history of science that Watson and Crick unraveled the structure of DNA before virtually anything was known about the physiological condition in which people spend one-third of their lives. As Tom Roth, the former editor of the journal *Sleep,* put it: "It's analogous to going to Mars with a third of the Earth's surface still unexplored." The REM state is so important that some scientists have designated it a "third state of being" (after wakefulness and sleep), yet the phenomenon itself remained hidden in plain sight until September 1953, when the experiments conducted in Chicago by Aserinsky were published.

His now-classic paper, coauthored by advisor Kleitman, was less important for what it revealed than what it began. REM opened the terra incognita of the sleeping brain to scientific exploration. Before REM, it was assumed that sleep was a passive state; absent stimulation, the brain simply switched off at night like a desk lamp. After REM, scientists saw that the sleeping brain actually cycled between two distinct electrical and biochemical climates—one characterized by deep, slow-wave sleep, which is sometimes called "quiet sleep" and is now known as non-REM or NREM sleep, and the other characterized by REM sleep, also sometimes called "active" or "paradoxical" sleep. The mind in REM sleep teems with vivid dreams; some brain structures consume oxygen and glucose at rates equal to or higher than in waking. The surprising implication is that the brain, which generates and evidently benefits from sleep, seems to be too busy to get any sleep itself.

Aserinsky (with wife Sylvia and children Jill and Armond in Chicago in 1953) was so poor he once stole potatoes.

The discovery of REM launched a new branch of medicine, leading to the diagnosis and treatment of sleep disorders that afflict tens of millions of people. It also changed the way we view our dreams and ourselves. It shifted scientists' focus from the dreaming person to the dreaming brain, and inspired new models in which the chimerical dramas of the night were said to reflect random neural fireworks rather than the hidden intentions of unconscious conflict or the escapades of disembodied souls. By showing that the brain cycles through various neurodynamic phases, the discovery of REM undescored the view that the "self" is not a fixed state but reflects fluctuating brain chemistry and electrical activity. Many researchers continue to hope that REM may yet provide a link between the physical activity of the brain during a dream and the experience of dreaming itself.

It's hard to overestimate the importance of Aserinsky's breakthrough, said Bert States, an emeritus professor of dramatic arts at the University of California at Santa Barbara and the author of three books on dreams and dreaming: "The discovery of REM sleep was just about as significant to the study of cognition as the invention of the telescope was to the study of the stars."

IN 1950, when Aserinsky knocked on Nathaniel Kleitman's office door, Kleitman, then 55, was considered the "father of modern sleep research." A Russian émigré, he had received a doctorate from the University of Chicago in 1923 and joined the faculty two years later. There he set up the world's first sleep lab. The cot where research subjects slept was pitched under a metal hood formerly used to suck out noxious lab fumes.

At the time, few scientists were interested in the subject. Despite research on the electrical activity of the brain in the late 1920s, the understanding of sleep hadn't advanced much beyond the ancient Greeks, who viewed Hypnos, the god of sleep, as the brother of Thanatos, the god of death. Sleep was what happened when you turned out the lights and stopped the influx of sensation. Sleep was what the brain lapsed into, not what it actively constructed. On the face of it, dull stuff.

Kleitman was intrigued nonetheless, and began to explore the physiology of the body's basic rest-activity cycle. A painstaking researcher, he once stayed up 180 hours straight to appraise the effects of sleep deprivation on himself. In 1938, he and fellow researcher Bruce Richardson moved into Mammoth Cave in Kentucky for more than a month to study fluctuations in their body temperatures and other darkness-engendered changes in their normal sleep-wake cycle—pioneering work in the now booming field of circadian rhythm research. Kleitman backed his fieldwork with formidable scholarship. When he published his landmark book *Sleep and Wakefulness* in 1939, he apologized for being

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"I think he saw himself as a kind of Don Quixote," Aserinsky's daughter said. "Ninety percent of what drove him was curiosity."

unable to read in any language other than Russian, English, German, French and Italian.

At the office door, Aserinsky found a man with "a grey head, a grey complexion and a grey smock." As the younger scientist wrote years later, "there was no joy in this initial encounter for either of us. For my part I recognized Kleitman as the most distinguished sleep researcher in the world. Unfortunately sleep was perhaps the least desirable of the scientific areas I wished to pursue."

Aserinsky had grown up in Brooklyn in a Yiddish- and Russian-speaking household. His mother died when he was 12, and he was left in the care of his father, Boris, a dentist who loved to gamble. Boris often had his son sit in on pinochle hands if the table was a player short. Meals were catch as catch can. Aserinsky's son, Armond, recalled: "Dad once told me he said to his father, 'Pop, I'm hungry,' and his father said, 'I'm not hungry, how can you be hungry?'" Eugene graduated from public high school at the age of 16 and for the next 12 years knocked about in search of his métier. At Brooklyn College, he took courses in social science, Spanish and premedical studies but never received a degree. He enrolled at the University of Maryland dental school only to discover that he hated teeth. He kept the books for an ice company in Baltimore. He served as a social worker in the Maryland state employment office. Though he was legally blind in his right eye, he did a stint in the U.S. Army as a high-explosives handler.

Kleitman (getting wired for one of his own studies in his Chicago lab around 1960) is the "father of sleep research."

By 1949, Aserinsky, married and with a 6-year-old son, was looking to take advantage of the G.I. Bill of Rights to launch a science career. He aced the entrance exams at the University of Chicago and, though he lacked an undergraduate degree, persuaded the admissions office to accept him as a graduate student. "My father was courtly, intelligent and intensely driven," says Armond Aserinsky, 60, now a clinical psychologist in North Wales, Pennsylvania. "He could be extremely charming, and he had a fine scientific mind, but he had all kinds of conflicts with authority. He always wore black suits. I once asked him, 'Dad, how come you never wear a sports jacket?' He looked at me and said, 'I'm not a sport.'"

KLEITMAN'S FIRST IDEA was to have Aserinsky test a recent claim that the rate of blinking could predict the onset of sleep. But after a number of vexing weeks trying to concoct a way to measure blink rates, Aserinsky confessed his lack of progress. Kleitman proposed that Aserinsky observe infants while they slept and study what their eyelids did. So he sat by cribs for hours but found that it was difficult to differentiate eyelid movements from eyeball movements. Once again he knocked on Kleitman's door, something he was loath to do because of Kleitman's austere and formal air. (Ten years after their famous paper was published, Kleitman began a letter to his colleague and coauthor, "Dear Aserinsky.")

Aserinsky had the idea of studying all eye movements in sleeping infants, and with Kleitman's approval embarked on a new line of inquiry—one that, he would later confess, was "about as exciting as warm milk." Significantly, he did not at first "see" REM, which is obvious if you know to look for it. Over months of monotonous observations, he initially discerned a 20-minute period in each infant's sleep cycle in which there was no eye movement at all, after which the babies usually woke up. He learned to exploit the observation. During such periods, the fatigued researcher was able to nap himself, certain he would not miss any important data. And he was also able to impress mothers hovering near the cribs by telling them when their babies would wake up. "The mothers were invariably amazed at the accuracy of my prediction and equally pleased by my impending departure," he once wrote.

AT HOME, Aserinsky was under considerable pressure. His daughter, Jill, was born in April 1952. His wife, Sylvia, suffered from bouts of mania and depression. Aserinsky couldn't even afford the rent on the typewriter he leased to draft his dissertation. "We were so poor my father once stole some potatoes so we would have something to eat," recalls Jill Buckley, now 51 and a lawyer in Pismo Beach, California, for the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "I think he saw himself as a kind of Don Quixote. Ninety percent of what drove him was curiosity—wanting to know. We had a set of

HERRY SIEGEL

Collier's Encyclopedias, and my father read every volume."

After studying babies, Aserinsky set out to study sleeping adults. At the time, no scientist had ever made all-night continuous measurements of brain-wave activity. Given the thinking of the era—that sleep was a featureless neurological desert—it was pointless to squander thousands of feet of expensive graph paper making electroencephalogram (EEG) recordings. Aserinsky's decision to do so, combined with his adapting the balky Offner Dynograph machine to register eye movements during sleep, led to the breakthrough.

His son, Armond, liked to hang out at the lab because it meant spending time with his father. "I remember going into the lab for the night," Armond says. "I knew the machine was harmless. I knew it didn't read my mind. The set up took a long time. We had to work out some things. It was a long schlep to the bathroom down the hall, so we kept a bottle by the bed."

Aserinsky did a second nightlong sleep study of Armond with the same results—again the pens traced sharp jerky lines previously associated only with eye movements during wakefulness. As Aserinsky recruited other subjects, he was growing confident that his machine was not fabricating these phenomena, but could it be picking up activity from the nearby muscles of the inner ear? Was it possible the sleeping subjects were waking up but just not opening their eyes?

"In one of the earliest sleep sessions, I went into the sleep chamber and directly observed the eyes through the lids at the time that the sporadic eye movement deflections appeared on the polygraph record," he would recall in 1996 in the *Journal of the History of the Neurosciences*. "The eyes were moving vigorously but the subject did not respond to my vocalization. There was no doubt whatsoever that the subject was asleep despite the EEG that suggested a waking state."

By the spring of 1952, a "flabbergasted" Aserinsky was certain he had stumbled onto something new and unknown. "The question was, what was triggering these eye movements. What do they mean?" he recalled in a 1992 interview with the *Journal of NIH Research*. In the fall of 1952, he began a series of studies with a more reliable EEG machine, running more than 50 sleep sessions on some two dozen subjects. The charts confirmed his initial findings. He thought of calling the phenomena "jerky eye movements," but decided against it. He didn't want critics to ridicule his findings by playing off the word "jerk."

Aserinsky went on to find that heart rates increased an average of 10 percent and respiration went up 20 percent during REM; the phase began a certain amount of time after the onset of sleep; and sleepers could have multiple periods of REM during the night. He linked REM interludes with increased body movement and particular brain waves that appear in waking. Most amazingly, by rousing people from sleep during REM periods, he found that rapid eye movements were correlated with the recall of dreams—with, as he noted in his dissertation, "remarkably vivid visual imagery."

He later wrote, "The possibility that these eye movements might be associated with dreaming did not arise as a lightning stroke of insight. . . . An association of the eyes with dreaming is deeply ingrained in the unscientific literature and can be categorized as common knowledge. It was Edgar Allan Poe who anthropomorphized the raven, 'and his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming.'"

Dement (at his Stanford research center) worked with Aserinsky before starting the world's first sleep clinic.

Aserinsky had little patience for Freudian dream theory, but he wondered if the eyes moving during sleep were essentially watching dreams unfold. To test that possibility, he persuaded a blind undergraduate to come into the lab for the night. The young man brought his Seeing Eye dog. "As the hours passed I noticed at one point that the eye channels were a little more active than previously and that conceivably he was in a REM state," Aserinsky wrote. "It was imperative that I examine his eyes directly while he slept. Very carefully I opened the door to the darkened sleeping chamber so as not to awaken the subject. Suddenly, there was a low menacing growl from near the bed followed by a general commotion which instantaneously reminded me that I had completely forgotten about the dog. By this time the animal took on the proportions of a wolf, and I immediately terminated the session, foreclosing any further exploration along this avenue." (Other researchers would later confirm that blind people do indeed experience REM.)

In any event, Aserinsky wasn't much interested in the meaning of dreams, said his daughter Jill, adding: "He was a pure research scientist. It always irritated him when people wanted him to interpret their dreams."

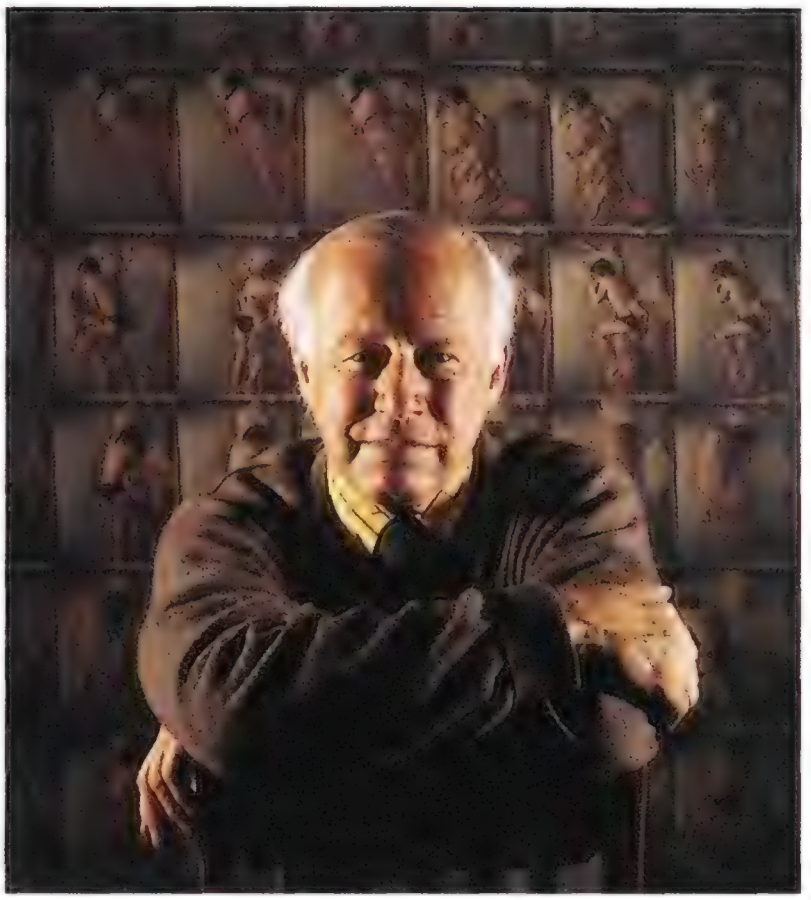
But a future colleague of Aserinsky's was intrigued. William Dement was a medical student at Chicago, and in the fall of 1952 Kleitman assigned him to help Aserinsky with his overnight sleep studies. Dement recounted his excite-

"My God, you're Aserinsky!" said sleep researchers a decade after the scientist discovered REM. "We thought you were dead!"

ment in his 1999 book, *The Promise of Sleep*. "Aserinsky told me about what he had been seeing in the sleep lab and then threw in the kicker that really hooked me: 'Dr. Kleitman and I think these eye movements might be related to dreaming.' For a student interested in psychiatry, this offhand comment was more stunning than if he had just offered me a winning lottery ticket. It was as if he told me, 'We found this old map to something called the Fountain of Youth.'"

By Aserinsky's account, Dement ran five overnight sessions for him starting in January 1953. With a camera Kleitman had obtained, Dement and Aserinsky took 16-millimeter movie footage of subjects in REM sleep, one of whom was a young medical student named Faylon Brunemeier, today a retired ophthalmologist living in Northern California. They were paying three dollars a night, he recalled, "and that was a lot to an impecunious medical student."

Kleitman had barred women as sleep study subjects, fearing the possibility of scandal, but Dement wheedled permission to wire up his sweetheart, a student named Pamela Vickers. The only provision was that Aserinsky had to be on hand to "chaperon" the session. While the sleep-deprived Aserinsky passed out on the lab couch, Dement documented that Vickers, too, experienced REM. Next, Dement says he recruited three other female subjects, including Elaine May, then a student at the University of Chicago. Even if she had not become famous a few years later as part of the comedy team Nichols and May, and had not gone on to write *Heaven Can Wait* and other movies, she would still have a measure of fame, in the annals of sleep science.



Hobson (at his Harvard office) made waves with evidence that dreaming reflects brain chemistry, not hidden wishes.

From 1955 to 1957, Dement published studies with Kleitman establishing the correlation between REM sleep and dreaming. Dement went on to help organize the first sleep research society and started the world's first sleep clinic at Stanford in 1970. With a collaborator, Howard Roffwarg, a psychiatrist now at the University of Mississippi Medical Center, Dement showed that even a 7-month-old premature infant experiences REM, suggesting that REM may occur in the womb. Dement's colony of dogs with narcolepsy—a condition of uncontrollable sleep—shed light on the physiological basis of the disorder, which in people had long been attributed to psychological disturbances. Dement became such an evangelist about the dangers of undiagnosed sleep disorders that he once approached the managers of the rock band R.E.M., seeking to enlist the group for a fundraising concert. The musicians brushed him off with a shaggy story about the acronym standing for retired english majors.

WHEN ASERINSKY LEFT the University of Chicago, in 1953, he turned his back on sleep research. He went to the University of Washington in Seattle and for a year studied the effects of electrical currents on salmon. Then he landed a faculty position at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, where he explored high-frequency brain waves and studied animal respiration. In 1957, his wife's depression came to a tragic conclusion; while staying at a mental hospital in Pennsylvania, Sylvia committed suicide. Two years later, Aserinsky married Rita Roseman, a widow, and became stepfather to her young daughter, Iris; the couple remained together until Rita's death in 1994.

In the early 1960s, Armond Aserinsky urged his father, then in his 40s, to return to the field he had helped start. Aserinsky finally wrote to Kleitman, who had retired from the University of Chicago. Kleitman replied, "It was good to learn that you have renewed work on rapid eye movements during sleep. The literature on the subject is quite extensive now. . . . I believe that you have ability and perseverance but have had . . . personal hard knocks to contend with. Let us hope that things will be better for you in the future." Kleitman also took the opportunity to remind his former student that he still owed him a hundred dollars.

In March 1963, Aserinsky went home to Brooklyn to attend a meeting of sleep researchers. "People were shocked," his son recalled. "They looked at him and said, 'My God, you're Aserinsky! We thought you were dead!'"

Delving into the night again in an unused operating room at the Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute in Philadelphia, Aserinsky worked on the physiology of REM and non-REM sleep, but he had prickly encounters with colleagues. He took offense when he did not receive an invitation to a prestigious dinner at a 1972 meeting of sleep researchers. He was often stung when Dement and Kleitman got credit he

felt belonged to him. (For his part, Dement said he resented that Aserinsky never acknowledged all the work he did as low man on the lab totem pole. "I was so naive," he told me.) In 1976, after more than two decades at Jefferson Medical College, Aserinsky was passed over for the chairmanship of the physiology department. He left, becoming chairman of physiology at Marshall University in Huntington, West Virginia. He retired in 1987. "He could be a deeply suspicious and impolitic person," Armond Aserinsky said.

Narrating his version of events in the *Journal of the History of the Neurosciences*, Aserinsky criticized Dement's contention that the discovery of REM was a "team effort," saying, "If anything is characteristic about the REM discovery, it was that there was no teamwork at all. In the first place, Kleitman was reserved, almost reclusive, and had little contact with me. Secondly, I myself am extremely stubborn and have never taken kindly to working with others. This negative virtue carried on throughout my career as evidenced by my resume, which reveals that I was either the sole or senior author in my first thirty publications, encompassing a period of twenty-five years." That stubbornness spilled into his family relations as well. Years passed in which he had no contact with Armond.

To younger sleep scientists, Aserinsky was only a name on a famous paper, an abstraction from another time. And such he might have remained if not for a license plate and a chance encounter in 1989.

Peter Shiromani, then an assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of California at San Diego, had just nosed his Datsun 310 into the parking lot of a Target department store in Encinitas, California. His custom license plates advertised what had been his scientific obsession since his undergraduate days at City College in New York City: REM SLEP.

"A woman walked up to me and said, 'I really love your plates! Did you know my father discovered REM sleep?'" Shiromani recalled. "I said, 'You must be Eugene Aserinsky's daughter!' She was very pleased. I think she felt a lot of pride in her father's accomplishment, and here was someone who recognized her father's name. We chatted briefly with much enthusiasm about REM sleep. Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to ask for her father's address."

Shiromani passed the address along to Jerry Siegel, a sleep researcher at UCLA and the Sepulveda Veterans Affairs medical center in suburban Los Angeles, who invited Aserinsky to address the June 1995 meeting of the Associated Professional Sleep Societies in Nashville. Siegel was organizing a symposium in honor of Kleitman, who had recently turned 100. "It was very difficult to get Aserinsky to come," Siegel recalls. "People who knew him in the early days said, 'Don't invite him.' But my dealings with him were very pleasant."

Despite their rivalry, it was Dement who introduced Aserinsky to the crowd of 2,000 people in the ballroom at the OpryLand Hotel. They gave him a standing ovation. And when he finished a witty, wide-ranging talk on the history of REM, the audience again rose to its feet. "It was one of the high points of his life," recalls his daughter Jill, who had accompanied her father to the meeting along with his stepdaughter, Iris Carter. "He wore a name tag, and people would stop and point and say, 'There's Aserinsky!'" says Carter.

One July day three years later, Aserinsky, driving down a hill in Carlsbad, California, collided with a tree and was killed. He was 77. An autopsy could not determine the cause of the accident. It's possible he fell asleep at the wheel.

Sleep specialist Siegel (at his lab in suburban Los Angeles) aided Aserinsky's return to the research limelight.

TODAY it's well established that normal sleep in human adults includes between four and six REM periods a night. The first starts about 90 minutes after sleep begins; it usually lasts several minutes. Each subsequent REM period is longer. REM sleep is characterized by not only brain-wave activity typical of waking but also a sort of muscle paralysis, which renders one incapable of acting on motor impulses. (Sleepwalking most often occurs during non-REM sleep.) In men and women, blood flow to the genitals is increased. Parts of the brain burn more energy. The heart may beat faster. Adults spend about two hours a night in REM, or 25 percent of their total sleep. Newborns spend 50 percent of their sleep in REM, upwards of eight hours a day, and they are much more active than adults during REM sleep, sighing and smiling and grimacing.

After 50 years, researchers have learned a great deal about what REM isn't. For example, it was once thought that people prevented from dreaming would become psychotic. That proved not to be the case; patients with injuries to the brainstem, which controls REM, do not go nuts without it. Still, if you deprive a person of REM sleep, they'll recoup it at the first chance, plunging directly into the REM phase—a phenomenon discovered by Dement and called REM rebound.

Studies of animals have yielded insights into REM, some-

The prize research subject—a penguin—was released into the sea, only to be promptly gobbled up by a killer whale.

times. In the early 1960s, Michel Jouvet, a giant of sleep research and a neurophysiologist at the University Claude Bernard in Lyon, France, mapped the brain structures that generate REM sleep and produce the attendant muscle paralysis. Jouvet, who coined the term "paradoxical sleep" as a substitute for REM sleep, also discovered that cats with lesions in one part of the brainstem were "disinhibited" and would act out their dreams, as it were, jumping up and arching their backs. (More recently, University of Minnesota researchers have documented a not-dissimilar condition in people; REM sleep behavior disorder, as it's called, mainly affects men over 50, who kick, punch and otherwise act out aggressive dream scenarios while they sleep. Researchers believe that REM sleep disorder may be a harbinger of Parkinson's disease in some people.) Paradoxical sleep has been found in almost all mammals tested so far except for some marine mammals, including dolphins. Many bird species appear to have short bursts of paradoxical sleep, but reptiles, at least the few that have been assessed, do not. Jouvet was especially interested in penguins, because they stay awake for long periods during the brooding season. Hoping to learn more about their physiology, he went to great trouble to implant a costly radio-telemetry chip in an emperor penguin in Antarctica. The prize research subject was released into the sea, only to be promptly gobbled up by a killer whale.

In 1975, Harvard's Allan Hobson and Robert McCarley proposed that many properties of dreams—the vivid imagery, the bizarre events, the difficulty remembering them—could be explained by neurochemical conditions of the brain in REM sleep, including the ebb and flow of the neurotransmitters norepinephrine, serotonin and acetylcholine. Their theory stunned proponents of the idea that dreams were rooted not in neurochemistry but psychology, and it has been a starting point of dream theorizing for the past 25 years.

The once-popular description of REM as "dream sleep" is now considered an oversimplification, and debate rages over questions of what can be properly claimed about the relation of dreaming to the physiology of REM sleep. (In 2000, an entire volume of the journal *Behavioral and Brain Sciences* was devoted to the debate.) To be sure, you can have REM without dreaming, and you can dream without experiencing REM. But most researchers say that dreaming is probably influenced and may be facilitated by REM. Still, dissenters, some of whom adhere to psychoanalytic theory, say that REM and

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dreaming have little connection with each other, as suggested by clinical evidence that different brain structures control the two phenomena. In the years to come, new approaches may help clarify these disagreements. In a sort of echo of Aserinsky's first efforts to probe the sleeping brain with EEG, some researchers have used powerful positron brain-scanning technology to focus on parts of the brain activated during REM.

This past June, more than 4,800 people attended the Associated Professional Sleep Societies' annual meeting in Chicago. The scientists took time out to mark REM's golden anniversary. With mock solemnity, Dement echoed the Gettysburg Address in his lecture: "Two score and ten years ago Aserinsky and Kleitman brought forth on this continent a new discipline conceived at night and dedicated to the proposition that sleep is equal to waking."

But to paraphrase the physicist Max Planck, science advances funeral by funeral. Kleitman died in 1999 at the age of 104, and though he was a coauthor of the milestone REM study, he never really accepted that REM was anything other than a phase of especially shallow sleep. "Kleitman died still believing there was only one state of sleep," Dement told me. Aserinsky had his own blind spots; he never relinquished his doubts that sleeping infants exhibit REM.

To honor the research done in Kleitman's lab five decades ago, the Sleep Research Society commissioned a 65-pound zinc plaque. It now hangs in the psychiatry department at the University of Chicago Medical Center, adjacent to Abbott Hall. To be sure, the inscription—"Commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the Discovery of REM Sleep by Eugene Aserinsky, Ph.D., and Nathaniel Kleitman, Ph.D., at the University of Chicago"—doesn't speak to the poetry of a lyric moment in the history of science, a moment when, as Michel Jouvet once said, humanity came upon "a new continent in the brain." But then, what do you expect from a plaque? If it's the poetry of REM you want, you need wait only until tonight.

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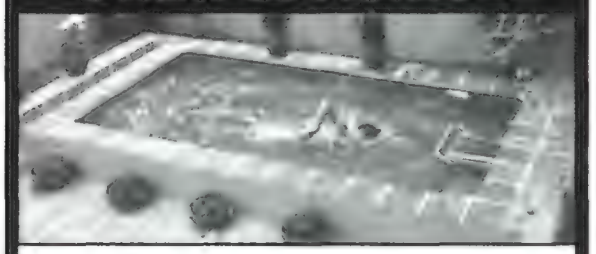

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Base Deception

In 1821, the French craved a classical Greek sculpture. In the Venus de Milo, *they thought they finally had one. Never mind that it wasn't really classical* – BY GREGORY CURTIS

The *Venus de Milo* was undoubtedly a masterpiece. But was it noble or decadent?

THE *VENUS DE MILO* is the most famous sculpture and, after the *Mona Lisa*, the most famous work of art in the world. The hordes of visitors who jam into her alcove in the Louvre museum in Paris every day are one proof of her popularity, but more telling is the way the statue has permeated our culture in art both high and low. Her image is reproduced in advertisements, on covers of CDs, as saltshakers, even as little rubber toys that squeak. But she has also inspired artists such as Cézanne, Dali, Magritte, Clive Barker and Jim Dine, whose two large Venuses stand on Sixth Avenue in Midtown Manhattan. In 1964, when France sent the statue on loan to Japan, more than 100,000 people came to greet the ship carrying her, and one and a half million people, on a moving sidewalk, were carried past her display.

Some of the reasons for this popularity are obvious. The *Venus de Milo* is in fact a glorious work of art. Then, of course, the missing arms make the statue instantly recognizable and give it what a mass marketer would call brand recognition. But the statue also owes its popularity to a propaganda campaign perpetrated by the French beginning in 1821. The campaign wasn't completely mendacious—the French had a good product and they knew how to sell it—but it wasn't completely truthful, either. The primary truth the French suppressed about the *Venus de Milo* was its sculptor's name.

THE STATUE was uncovered on April 8, 1820, on Melos, an Aegean island halfway between Crete and the Greek mainland.

Adapted from *Disarmed: The Story of the Venus de Milo* by Gregory Curtis. Copyright © 2003 by Gregory Curtis. To be published in October 2003 by Alfred A Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc.

(The name means Venus of Melos.) The discovery precipitated some frantic negotiations between French officials and the Greek authorities on the island, who eventually agreed to a price of 1,000 francs, roughly the cost, in those days, of a nice herd of goats.

After a leisurely voyage around the Mediterranean, the statue arrived in Paris in February 1821. On March 1, the Marquis de Rivière, the French ambassador to the Ottoman Turks, who had approved the purchase, obtained an audience with Louis XVIII, to whom he offered the statue in homage. The statue was sequestered in a back workshop of the Louvre. Louis, who was so fat he

After Napoleon's defeat in 1815, the Vatican reclaimed the *Apollo Belvedere*.

could not move except in a wheelchair, did not see his prize possession until several months later when it was briefly moved, for his benefit, to a small room accessible by wheelchair.

The director of the Louvre, the Count de Forbin, could not have been more excited by the statue's arrival. After all, the French consul in Athens, a man named Fauvel whom Forbin knew to be an infallible judge of antiquities, had declared it a priceless masterpiece from the classical age of Greece. And as it happened, a priceless masterpiece from the classical age of Greece was precisely what the Louvre most desperately wanted.

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BEGINNING IN 1796 and continuing throughout his years in power, Napoleon had taken connoisseurs of art with him on his military campaigns. They spread out across newly conquered territory to confiscate its greatest works of art and send them to the Louvre, which was soon christened the Musée Napoleon. Among the thousands of works that were appropriated, the most admired and coveted was the *Apollo Belvedere*, which had been taken from the Vatican. Although now thought to be a Roman copy, the statue was then considered the embodiment of all the intellect, imagination and inspiration that created classical Greece. It was given a place of honor at the Louvre, where it became an essential source of guidance for French artists. Napoleon, who had little interest in art, liked to stand next to it so that honored guests could admire both him and the *Apollo Belvedere* at the same time.

Then came Waterloo and Napoleon's exile, in 1815, to the island of St. Helena. Representatives of the nations that had defeated him arrived in Paris to reclaim their art. The *Apollo Belvedere* was returned to the Vatican, where it remains today. A woodcut from 1815 shows the statue being wheeled away by a squadron of soldiers while a French artist bursts into tears.

Just a few months later, in 1816, the British Parliament voted to buy the Elgin marbles for the British Museum. These artistic treasures, which Lord Elgin had ripped from the pediments of the Parthenon, were undisputedly from Greece's classical age. So in the space of a year, Italy had its Greek masterpiece and England had hers, while France, prideful as always, had none. With no Greek masterpiece for French artists to imitate, how could they avoid falling into decadence?

THEN, as if in answer to a prayer, *Venus de Milo* arrived. Forbin decided it must have come from the hand—or at least from the school—of the great Phidias or the even greater Praxiteles, Greek artists from the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. There was only one problem.

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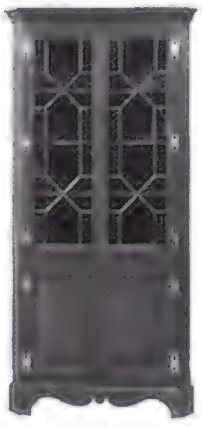

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The *Venus de Milo* had been carved originally in two parts, the two halves meeting in a line somewhat concealed by the roll of drapery around the goddess's hips. The two halves arrived at the Louvre each in padding, as they had been wrapped for the sea passage. Now it was discovered that a third bundle, containing various pieces of marble found near the statue, included a base inscribed "Alexandros, son of Menides, citizen of Antioch of Meander made the statue." One side of the base was broken. When the broken side was pushed against the left side of the statue, the two pieces fit perfectly.

Gloom and despondency settled

The Louvre's Forbin overlooked one thing: a sketch with the inconvenient inscription.

over the Louvre. Antioch, a Greek city located in what is now Syria, had not been founded until the late *third* century B.C., a full half century after Greece's classical age, making the statue Hellenistic. Writers as far back as Pliny the Elder had dismissed Hellenistic art as inferior to classical. This *Venus*, this masterpiece that had arrived to such hope and expectation, appeared not to be an example of perfection after all. Now what?

Forbin was a tall, thin aristocrat considered by many the most handsome man in France. An easy charm complemented his good looks. (He once had a notorious affair with Napoleon's beau-

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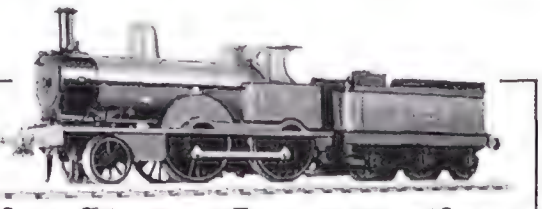

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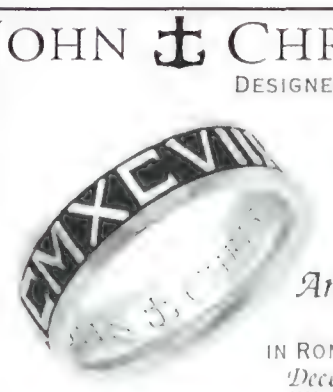

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tiful, although spoiled and completely daffy, sister Pauline.) And he believed that political necessities were sometimes more important than truth.

So Forbin and his scholars at the Louvre looked more closely at the base. It had a square hole in the top to hold a herm, a short square pillar with a carved head at the top. No sculptor with the skill to carve the *Venus de Milo*, they told each other, would intentionally put such an incongruously small and undistinguished object next to a masterpiece. It must have been the product of some later, crude restoration. And if the inscribed base and its inconvenient inscription did not really belong with the *Venus*, why display it? In fact, why mention it at all?

Whether Forbin hid or destroyed the telltale base has been a touchy subject at the Louvre from 1821 until today. In a recent interview, Alain Pasquier, general conservator of the museum's Greek, Etruscan and Roman antiquities, politely insisted to me that despite the many hours he has spent looking for it without success in the museum's warehouses, it is "inconceivable" that the base has been destroyed.

Despite Forbin's maneuvers, a few scholars who had seen it—including Count de Clarac, the Louvre's conservator of classical antiquities—persisted in believing that the inscribed base *did* belong with the statue. Forbin had these heretics banned from the workshop. Then he persuaded Quatremère de Quincy, an eminent scholar, to write a paper for the august Académie des Beaux-Arts in April 1821 asserting that the statue was indeed of the school of Praxiteles. This established the official French position about the statue, a position that lasted against all evidence for more than 130 years.

But Forbin overlooked one thing. When Jacques-Louis David, a neoclassical Paris painter who had taken up exile in Belgium after the restoration of Louis XVIII, heard about the *Venus de Milo*, he wrote to a former student who worked at the Louvre and asked him to make a drawing of it. The former student, a man named Debay, gave the

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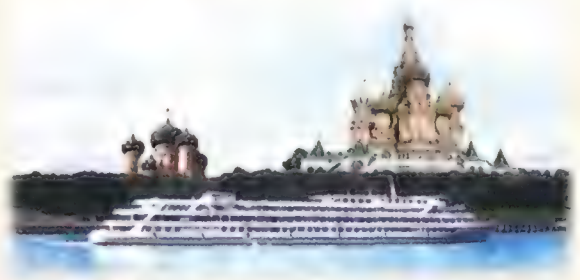

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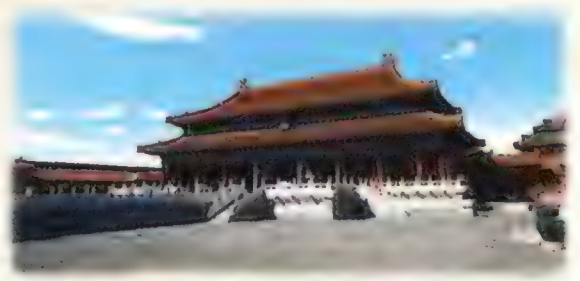

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task to his teenage son, himself an art student, who happened to make his drawing while the inscribed base was attached. Debay kept his son's drawing, but sent a tracing of it to David.

After the statue went on public display and access to it could no longer be restricted, Clarac published a pamphlet in which he stated his heretical view that the *Venus* was . . . Hellenistic. Young Debay's drawing, with the inscription on the base clearly legible, graced the pamphlet's cover.

Though a kindly man who was generous toward struggling artists, Clarac had a reputation as a poor scholar, and in France his paper was largely ignored. But German experts read Clarac's paper with glee. Their delight grew out

An art student's drawing, with the inscription, graced the pamphlet's cover.

of a conviction that Germany was the rightful owner of the statue. In 1817, Crown Prince Ludwig I of Bavaria had purchased the ruins of an ancient theater on Melos near where the *Venus* had been discovered. Ludwig insisted that since the statue had been found on his land, it belonged to him, a claim the French chose to ignore.

The battle between French and German scholars raged for the next hundred years, fading away only when prejudice against Hellenistic art—by now greatly admired—dissolved in the years between the two world wars.

Finally, the French—without admitting defeat—simply abandoned the fight. In 1951, Jean Charbonneaux, then the Louvre's conservator of Greek and Roman antiquities, calmly wrote that

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"beginning in 1893, contrary to the general opinion, [the German scholar] Furtwangler had set 150 and 50 B.C. as the limits of the period where [the statue] belonged." There in the phrase "contrary to the general opinion," Charbonneaux casually dismissed all the fervent efforts of his countrymen, beginning in 1821 with Forbin.

Pasquier, the current conservator, does not dispute the Hellenistic dating, but he remains tactfully respectful toward the French scholars who preceded him by declining to take a position on whether the base ever belonged with the *Venus de Milo*. Visitors to the Louvre today see only a plaque that makes no mention of the sculptor: "Aphrodite, dite 'Vénus de Milo,' vers 100 av. J.C., Ile de Mélos, Don du Marquis de Rivière au roi Louis XVIII (Aphrodite, called 'Venus de Milo,' around 100 B.C., the island of Melos, gift of the Marquis de Rivière to King Louis XVIII)."

Early in the 20th century, one other intriguing piece of evidence came to light. The name Alexandros of Antioch is mentioned twice in an inscription found in Thespiae, a city near Mount Helicon on the mainland of Greece. It was in Thespiae that an important competition of poetry and theatrical arts was held every five years. The inscription, which dates to about 80 B.C., identifies Alexandros of Antioch, son of Menides, as a victor in singing and composing.

Like many artists of his time, Alexandros no doubt left his home in Antioch, wandering wherever his commissions took him. As a musician, he was good enough to win the contest and some ephemeral fame. As a sculptor, however, he was indisputably a genius whose name deserves to be mentioned in the same breath as Phidias, Praxiteles and the other ancient masters. After all, Alexandros, son of Menides, created the *Venus de Milo*.

GREGORY CURTIS, the former editor of Texas Monthly, *lives in Austin and can be visited at www.gregorycurtis.com.* Disarmed *is his first book.*

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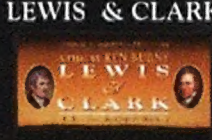

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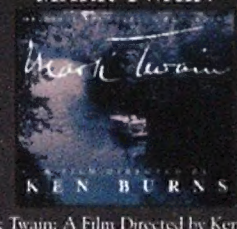

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Paper Chase

Looking up his high-school Permanent Record Card leaves our author curiously grateful for his failings ~ BY MICHAEL SHAPIRO

SCHOOL WAS WHERE I WENT to fall short of my potential. I stared out the classroom window or at the carvings on my wooden desk or into the middle distance where, faintly, I could see recess. These reveries invariably ended with the hard sound of a teacher's voice reminding me not only of my failures of the moment but, worse still, that they would haunt me for the rest of my life because she was writing them down on my *Permanent Record Card*.

I had never seen my Permanent Record Card. But like other children whose hands were never raised, or who could not keep their hands to themselves, I knew all about it. Every poor grade, random outburst, sullen look, failed test—everything, it seemed, that children ever did in school—was inscribed on their Permanent Record Cards, in ink, indelibly, as lasting as an ill-advised tattoo.

Then I grew up and discovered that no employer was going to tell me, "Human Resources just got your Permanent Record Card. Clear out your desk." But the memory of its perpetual threat still troubled me. I wondered: Were Permanent Record Cards really *permanent*?

Fellow underachievers, here is the bad news: they are.

Not long ago, a retired New York City schoolteacher told me that the cards were stored at a student's last school. Did this mean, I asked, that my card was still sitting in Midwood High School on Bedford Avenue in Brooklyn, from which I had somehow graduated in 1970? She assured me that it was.

And so, like a gaping driver who cannot help but look at an accident, I wrote to Midwood, asking to see my Permanent Record Card. Make an appointment, said the clerk.

PHIL FOSTER

Everything children did in school was inscribed on their Permanent Record Cards, as lasting as an ill-advised tattoo.

From the outside, Midwood looked the same. But now there was a security guard who handed me a visitor's pass and warned me against carrying firearms into the building. In Room 131, the clerk, Marie Nigro, explained my card had been kept with those of my generation in a file room that was once a lavatory. She pointed me to a seat and presented me with the document that had so troubled me for so long.

It was a beige folder, filled with numbers and scribbled last names. It made me dizzy. There was the 85 in English from aging Miss Rosman who wore white go-go boots. And the 75 in science from Mr. Gleichenhaus, who stared out the window to make sure his car was still there. And the 65 in French from loony Mrs. Solomon, who wore her dresses backward. The spaces reserved for "Personality Rating"—courtesy, self-control, responsibility—were blank. Had I made no impression? Yet, there I was: a member of the orchestra and the school paper who had somehow *failed typing*.

Curiosity gave way to regret. Surely I could have studied harder, achieved more, *been* more at 17. Then it occurred to me: my adolescent shortcomings were a gift. The middling career chronicled by my Permanent Record Card was an enduring spur—I had left that place and would never go back again.

I returned the folder to Marie Nigro, who walked down the hallway and put it back with the others. And then she turned off the light and shut the door behind her. ○

Despite his Permanent Record Card, Michael Shapiro became an author and journalism professor at Columbia University. —Ed.

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